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GOOSE WINGS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Mamma, there was something so funny
Occurred in the garden to-day;
Little Mabel and I were both playing
Our boyhood's game, so you say.

When cook, on the kitchen-steps rolled me,
And, of all most remarkable things,
Now what do you think? In that moment
But a very large pair of goose-wings!

Well, as soon as I had them, this fancy
Presented itself on the spot:
Suppose they were tied on my shoulders;
Why, then I could fly, could I not?

So I whipped out some string from my pocket,
(It's often quite full of old twine),
And very soon after, behold me
With a beautiful pair of white wings!

And then I ran round through the garden,
And made many efforts to fly;
Till dear little Mabel surprised me
By sadly beginning to cry.

"Now what is the matter?" I asked her,
While she cried and kept hiding her head,
But at length, in a voice of great sorrow,
The poor little innocent said:

"Oh, Johnny, it does seem so dreadful
To look at you flying so fast;
I'm afraid it's a sin, and God may
Turn into an angel, and die!"

Then I laughed a good deal at her nonsense,
But she sensibly kept serious—for
Till I suddenly felt on my shoulders
That pair how in quite a great glee.

For I whispered, "I can't be an angel;
My character, dear, doesn't suit,
And then I was sure I should tumble
That the goose-wings refuse to take root."

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY FAITH WYNNE,

Author of "The Fleecy Lee" Books, &c., &c.

This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 56 Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.

"I have news for you, little Cox," said Mrs. Dudleigh replacing a letter in its envelope. "Cousin Herbert writes that he and his sister are en route to Green Cove Springs, and will make us a flitting visit; I am glad for your sake, for I feel it is rather dull here for a young girl."

"Indeed it is not, but I will be delighted to see them, and so will Dallas, doubtless," said Ethel with an arch glance at her brother who had just appeared in the doorway.

"And what is that you are asserting so positively about Dallas?" he asked throwing himself on the lounge.

"Clarice and her brother are coming to visit Cousin Evelyn," said Ethel, hoping by this sudden announcement to see Dr. Earle for once thrown off his guard, but to her disappointment he calmly replied:

"Miss De Vere and you are old schoolmates I believe, Evelyn?"

"We were old schoolmates during our childonly, since then we have rarely met, but you know perhaps that she is a cousin of mine, also, related through my mother—you, through my father! Her brother has several times visited us, he is young, not over twenty-one, if he has not changed, a very agreeable companion for Ethel."

"Is he ever so nice?" asked Ethel with a girl's innocent curiosity.

"If his manhood is all his boyhood promised, he is frank and generous and true, and very handsome." "Forewarned is forarmed," said Dr. Earle, pinching his ear. For reply the bright eyes fell with a softened glance upon a busy heap of gold encircling her slender finger.

"I think your brother as your physician may pronounce you out of danger," said Mrs. Dudleigh, archly interpreting the look.

"If he is a susceptible youth, doubtless he can find pleasant pastime basking in the sunlight of Marah's sweet smiles, and if he is willing to ignore the fact of her present position, I am sure he could find in all the world no lovelier wife if he could win her," said Ethel, beginning already to dream dreams.

"Ethel!" said her brother, indignantly.

"If as you say, my dear, one is willing to ignore social position, a man should consider himself blessed among men to win and own so pure a gem," said Mrs. Dudleigh, warmly.

"You do well to insert the proviso, Evelyn, for where is there a sensible man who will ignore it?" said Dr. Earle, with far more warmth than the occasion demanded, Ethel thought as she tapped her little foot impatiently, for she had always been found by her Aunt Helen a rebel in the aristocratic ranks; 'kind hearts' being to her worth 'more than coronets,' and 'simple faith than Norman blood.'

Marah's heart again became troubled at the dire possibilities that might overwhelm her with the advent of the visitors, and knowing so little of her Cousin Clarice's life, even Mrs. Dudleigh could not give her the answer that there was nothing to fear, as the friend does with regard to the other guests, and indeed, she had a vague forboding that this woman, whose beauty she had heard so lauded, had not reached that moral courage to resist the tempter that so often assails the flattered beauty, and truth, honor and all that make the soul's beauty are stranded in the shoes of vain ambition. But she unconsciously was ended by their arrival. Birdie after speaking to the stranger, took refuge in the folds of her mamma's dress to make her observations, and then slide away to Marah's room.

"Oh, they are so beautiful!" she exclaimed. "And who are they?" Your own cousins?" asked Miss Waters.

"Yes, me sons and the gentleman looks as good as Cousin Dallas. I've seen him before, you know, but I was little and had forgotten him."

"Well, why do you not tell me something of the lady?" asked Marah with true feminine curiosity.

"I don't like her!"

"It is too soon to form an opinion, my dear."

"Well, I'll tell you why. As she crossed the verandah I stepped upon her dress, and she turned and frowned at me as I almost cried, and then afterwards called me 'a sweet little thing,' and bried to coax me to sit on her lap."

"I hope you politely complied with her request?"

"No, I just got behind mamma's chair and frowned back at her like she did at me."

"That was very wrong."

"I know, but if I had gone to her she would have thought I liked her, and that would have been acting a story, and Cousin Dallas told me this morning that it is just as bad to act a lie as to tell one, and whoever does it is not worthy of 'steem."

"Esteem," corrected Marah, as she brushed the hair from the child's forehead, and bent to imprint a kiss, thus concealing the efforts of the blow the child had unwittingly given.

"Why do you look so sorry?" asked Birdie.

"I haven't so much to make me glad as you have, childie; you have so many to love you," was the evasive answer.

After a time of bitter reflection and meditation, Marah resolved to tell Mrs. Dudleigh how she feared to meet strangers, and to ask her protection, but the friend tried to soothe her agitation, and promised to protect her from observation in every way that lay within her power, and Ethel was greatly disappointed the next day to have her little romance destroyed by a request that she should respect Marah's morbid distaste to meeting strangers, and abandon her little plan to arrange a "meeting by chance, as she would say," between the pretty governess and "Cousin Herbert."

"I will space Marah's delicate, sensitive, Cousin Evelyn, but I fear it will be a great disappointment to your cousin, for I have been singing her praises until his curiosity to see her is somewhat astonishing, considering that gentlemen are entirely devoid of that trait ascribed so largely to the softer sex."

"I think it would be best not to tell Marah so; it would place her ill at ease.

Ethel very reluctantly told Mr. De Vere that the introduction to the pretty governess must be abandoned, stating Mrs. Dudleigh's reason that Marah should not be so embarrassed, and Mr. De Vere dismissed the subject so lightly that Ethel was somewhat chagrined. Oh, innocent little Ethel! to know not that she had taken the best means of all others to fill the heart of the man with a dire determination to see the pretty recluse, the unattainable always as long as she desires to be so, perverse humanity; and as success generally attends the determined, that afternoon Mr. De Vere learned, through a careless remark of Birdie's, that it was her intention to walk out with the governess. Thereupon the gallant young watched unseen until he discovered the path they took for their stroll, then, lighting his cigar, he quietly started in another direction, planning his movements so strategically as to make it appear the most natural occurrence in the world that he should approach from an opposite point, just as they, supposing themselves entirely secluded, were having one of their occasional romps. Marah wishing, if possible, to cast off this incubus settling down upon her spirits engaged with a race with the latest idea of the child, along the bank of a stream. By and by wearied with the exercise they set down to rest, fanning their flushed faces with their hats, and laughing merrily at the result of their chase. Children's feet soon rest, and Birdie's next amusement was skipping across the foot log that spanned the narrow stream, but alas! in a tricksy turn of her head her hat fell off and went bobbing down the river! The child clasped her hand despairingly and shrieked with a vehemence worthy of a greater calamity. Marah seeing that the hat had lodged against a stone promised her aid in securing it from destruction, and forthwith bared her feet and stepped boldly into the water, and never since she had left her home had her laugh rung out so merrily. Oh Marah, Marah! could you have seen the sparkling eyes brimful of enjoyment of your frolic and admiration of your fair face, how soon would your smiles have vanished behind the blood red blushes of shame! The goal was reached! the hat secured and waved in triumph to the waiting child, when alas! her foot slipped upon a treacherous stone and she fell headlong into the water. She immediately, however, struggled to her feet, but found to her horror that she was unable to walk without assistance, which was much nearer than she knew, and surprised her quite as much as though some fabled being had arisen from the water.

"Allow me to aid you, Miss—Waters, I believe?" said Mr. De Vere, gallantly slipping into the stream and offering his arm which Marah ruefully accepted.

Her wet garments clung to her like cerements, and her bare feet! oh, where could she hide them! how painfully visible was their whiteness gleaming through the shallow stream.

"How did you happen to come just when you ought to, Cousin Herbert? I am so glad!" Birdie's sudden sobbed. But Mr. De Vere did not think it necessary to explain that his opportune arrival happened as so many other things happen in this world that are ascribed to Providence.

"You are suffering, Miss Waters?" he said as they reached the bank, and he noticed her color come and go.

"Yes, I fear my ankle is sprained, but perhaps if I rest awhile, I shall be able to walk. Thank you kindly for your assistance," Marah said with a bow of dismissal, which the gentleman, however, affected not to comprehend.

"I regret to dishearten you, Miss Waters, but I fear you cannot reach home without assistance. Will you accept mine?"

Marah looked for a moment into the frank blue eyes, and then glanced in dismay at her bare feet. Mr. De Vere assidously walked away to pluck some wild flowers, and Marah, with Birdie's assistance, hastily pulled on shoes and stockings, but alas! the swollen ankle forbid the lacing of her gaiter; with great difficulty she arose to her feet, took but a few steps, and found the pain excruciating.

"I cannot walk; Oh what shall I do?" she moaned piteously.

"Will you allow me to carry you, Miss Waters?" he asked, blushing all over his boyish face.

Oh, no I cannot, but—if it will not be asking too much of you, I would be very grateful, if, when you return to the house, you will send old Steve to, me; he often carries Birdie when she is weary."

"I will go immediately after finding you a comfortable resting place." And as Mr. De Vere supported her very tenderly, Dr. Earle appeared in their pathway.

"Do my eyes come up from the ground, or down from the sky," was Marah's first thought at this second unexpected appearance.

"How opportune, Dr. Earle; we need your advice here," said Mr. DeVere.

"I have sprained my ankle," exclaimed Marah trying to speak bravely, though her lips quivered with pain.

"And cannot walk? You know the alternative," said Dr. Earle, with a significant smile that only Marah could interpret, and which sent the rich blood in torrents to her face.

"Mr. De Vere has kindly consented to take a message to Steve, if you approve," said Marah, looking at Dr. Earle, but into the kind, bright face of Mr. De Vere, who returned the glance with an assuring smile.

The frank interchange was inexplicable to Dr. Earle, for as yet he was in ignorance of the details of the accident, which had broken down all barriers more effectually than an acquaintance of long duration under different circumstances could have done.

"Now, Miss Waters, please remove your shoe and stocking and let me put a wet compress on the ankle," said Dr. Earle when Mr. De Vere left, and in his walked away to the stream. Marah obeyed tearfully, her bravery having succumbed at last to pain and embarrassment, but she hastily dashed away the tear drops as she saw Dr. Earle returning, and save for the damp lashes no traces were visible. Very tenderly he bound the swelling ankle with his wet handkerchief, perhaps lingering a little longer than necessary, for he is but a man, esthetic as nature may ever be, and truly an artist would be glad to paint such a dainty, little, blue-veined foot with its arched instep. "Does pressure please you as how this accident occurred; from your wet garments I should infer you had been in the water?" said he, sanding himself where he could look into the beautiful blue eyes and watch their varying expression.

"She has been in the river; my hat fell off and she tried to get it and fell down," said Birdie, with a child's eagerness to give information.

"That was a very uncalled for freak when there was a gallant gentleman at hand who would doubtless have gladly saved you the disagreeable task," said Dr. Earle, with a shade of sarcasm in his tone. A streak of crimson darted up to Marah's brow; the hurried eyes were filled with indignation, and as Dr. Earle gazed at her in quiet amusement he thought how dearly she would love to stamp those little feet.

"Why, Cousin Dallas, there was no gentleman here when she went in the water—he came just as she fell down," said Birdie.

"Very opportune," was the provoking response, as Dr. Earle twined his long, white fingers through the flowing beard and watched the color deepen in Marah's face, wondering when the tightly compressed lips would speak. Perhaps if Marah had possessed a better knowledge of the tricks that deceive, she might have reminded Dr. Earle that his arrival was quite as opportune, but she had no suspicion that he too had come in search of her, and had arrived in sight just in time for seeing carefully conducted to a seat by Mr. DeVere, and had waited for a propitious moment to appear upon the scene.

Dr. Earle listened in vain for her to defend her position, but her proud silence was more eloquent than words. Mr. De Vere now returned with Steve, to whose strong arms she gladly resigned herself, and was carried in her room, fortunately, without encountering any of the ladies. Birdie, quite overcome with fatigue and fright, slept upon the bed beside Marah, and both soon fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

"By jove! I didn't anticipate such an introduction as this to the pretty governess," said Mr. De Vere, as he and Dr. Earle walked slowly homeward, after the accident.

"Still I suspect your being on the spot was not wholly unpremeditated?" said Dr. Earle.

"No, certainly not; ever since I have been out that little sister of yours has been the cause of the loveliness of this young body, tantalizingly following up the most extravagant praises by telling me she is too timid to snub strangers. Of course, you could not expect a fellow to yield to such a fate without a struggle. I was determined to see her, without embarrassing her by my presence, and even after I saw that fall I was undecided for a moment which horn of the dilemma she would prefer—to meet a stranger or to sit in the water till Birdie could summon assistance from the house; but she struggled to her feet, and I saw her painful effort to move, of course I waded in."

"And were amply repaid, doubtless."

"Indeed I was. Why, she's angelic. I'm sure my heart would be endangered if I were to remain as long as you have done under the same roof."

"With no more frequent opportunities than you have had of seeing her?"

"I'd make opportunity."

"Pooh, pooh, boy! remember that you are at that age when each new face seems fairer than the last."

"No insinuation upon my tender years," said the young gentleman, drawing himself up with much dignity, and the subject was laughingly dismissed.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Pray, who is this rare and radiant maiden, whom adverse fate has driven out in the cold, cold world and ckind Providence guided to Cousin Evelyn's door, of whose charms my poor infatuated brother so constantly raves?" asked Clarice with an assumption of indifference quite at variance with the keen cousin's glance accompanying her words.

"Her name is Marah Waters, I believe; beyond that I know nothin," replied Dr. Earle, carelessly.

"Marah? If all Herbert tells me of her be true, surely the name is a misnomer," said Miss De Vere, but the attempt to win anything further than a quiet smile was vain, and with consummate tact she tried another channel.

"Do you know, Dr. Earle, that I am sadly distressed at this infatuation of Robert's? He is so young and susceptible, and if the girl should prove a designing creature how terrible it would be for him to make such a mesalliance." She said this in a confidential undertone, furtively watching the increase of interest manifested in that hitherto reticent face, but it passed in a moment as he replied.

"I grant that it would be a misfortune for Robert to marry her, knowing as little as he does of her antecedents, but you would scarcely call her designing if you knew her, Clarice."

"Oh, then I regret having misjudged her, there is no one appeals more strongly to my sympathies than a friendless young girl." The soft cooing voice was full of penitence and the lustrous eyes sought his pleading for pardon, at which his face softened into tenderness, and again he fell into the wiles of the serpent.

Perhaps a less jealous woman would have been assured of Dr. Earle's indifference on the subject, that the young girl possessed no charms; not so Clarice; she could not believe that her brother and Ethel, and indeed both Mrs. Dudleigh and Mrs. Lennox could all agree upon her beauty and goodness, and that Dr. Earle had failed to feel its subtle influence. This assumed indifference but added fuel to the fire of her jealous determination to see and judge for herself, and when Dr. Earle was gratified in much sooner than she anticipated. Leaving Dr. Earle upon the verandah, she started to go to her room when she found Friend Lennox just entering Marah's door, which she left slightly ajar; Clarice's quick eye saw the lady's knitting fall from her pocket and she seized upon the idea of making the restoration of the work a pretext for entering the chamber. Gliding along the hall with noiseless footstep she suddenly appeared in the doorway, and and being unnoticed herself, for a moment, she had full view of the beautiful girl, and acknowledged bitterly, that the half had not been told. With a light knock she announced her presence.

"Aunt Mary, you dropped your knitting, and knowing you would grieve to be idle, even for a short time, I hastened to restore it," she said with her sweetest smile, and bowing gracefully, she retired without noticing the instant recognition that flashed into those awe-struck eyes! The Cousin Clarice of whom she had heard such mention of the family—not as often as she had of her beauty—associated in her thoughts with the woman of the insolent eyes that she had met that Christmas night at Dr. Earle's, which now seemed ages and ages ago. Ah, how well she remembered the false ringing laugh that accompanied the pathetic words, "We shall meet under summer skies." She could even feel again the touch of the soft hands that lay against her shrinking shoulders!

All things connected with the evening now appeared before her with appalling vividness, and when Dr. Earle visited his patient an hour later he found her suffering from some mental excitement, and upon questioning her closely she replied:

"You know, Dr. Earle, how sensitive I am in regard to meeting strangers, and the beautiful lady who is visiting here appeared in the doorway a moment and vanished so like a vision that it quite startled me."

"Why did she come unbidden," asked Dr. Earle sternly. Marah explained the cause of her coming, and for a moment he wondered if unseenly curiosity had prompted the call, but soon banished the thought as one unworthy of so peerless a creature.

"Marah's confinement is surely being made as pleasant as possible," said Mrs. Dudleigh taking from the servant's hand a bouquet of magnolia blossoms, the very first of the season, just bursting into bloom. Marah extended her hand eagerly and buried her face in them inhaling their delicious fragrance, not noticing the card that had fallen from them until Dr. Earle quietly took it from the floor and gave it to her watching—at the same time the rich blood leaping from throat to brow as she read the name of Mr. De Vere.

"It is very kind to remember me; the bouquet sent me yesterday was not yet faded," she said, looking upon her bureau where was a vase filled with beautiful flowers, and added smilingly, "There are no roses among them, you see, therefore I shall find no thorns." Dr. Earle was forcibly reminded of Clarice's dread of a mesalliance and wondered if in time even these innocent flowers might not develope the thorns?

"I hope I can go out to-morrow, Dr. Earle?" she said, eazing with childlike longing from the window upon the blooming beauty of spring-time.

"Yes, I think you may take a short walk but do not venture too far unless you have Steve within calling distance." Dr. Earle replied, smiling at the embarrassment the words caused.

"I have suggested that Marah allow Steve to carry her down into the parlor this evening, where she can enjoy the music, but she declines," said Mrs. Dudleigh.

"A very wise suggestion. Cousin Evelyn, if Miss Waters could see it so, but she might at the same time be deprived of the friend in the school room," said Dr. Earle.

"Until to-day I have felt unable to do so. I long to touch the dear old instrument again. I was not prepared for your last guests Dr. Earle, you know, Mrs. Dudleigh."

"I think they would not be greatly annoyed if a strain now and then chanced to fall upon their ears. Suppose you go now with Mrs. Dudleigh and myself and we will have a little private concert," said Dr. Earle.

"And you think no one else will come?"

"I think not, and even if they do you have nothing to fear from criticism."

Marah considered a moment and then decided that the great pleasure would be worth the risk at least, and without further hesitation, she accepted Dr. Earle's proffered arm, and, accompanied by Mrs. Dudleigh, went to the school room and with a child's eager pleasure ran her fingers over the keys and her sweet voice rippled forth in some wild melody, with which Dr. Earle's fine tenor blended most harmoniously. They sang song after song together and stopped at length, only because Dr. Earle found she was exercising beyond her strength. Their voices had barely died away when they were greeted by hearty applause as the door swung open and Mr. De Vere with his sister and Ethel entered laughingly.

"Ah you eavesdroppers," said Mrs. Dudleigh, holding up her finger in playful reproof.

"We plead guilty, Cousin Evelyn, but please pardon and introduce me to the sweet songstress," said Clarice, gliding across the room with that sinuous movement so in keeping with the wavering eyes. Mr. Dudleigh presented her and she extended her lilly white palm into which Marah's hand fell limp and trembling.

"Receive our thanks and congratulations, Miss Waters; I only regret that your modesty has deprived us of the pleasure of hearing you sing more frequently." What a charming addition her voice will make to our quartette, Mrs. Dudleigh," said Clarice, while her brother begged for one more song, and Dr. Earle granting permission, Marah complied with the request. Clarice affecting to listen, narrowly watched the proud face of the man she vainly believed of entrancing, and wearily resenting the attention he bestowed on this adventuress, she silently resolved to unravel the mystery surrounding her. Suddenly, and almost overwhelmingly, there flashed across her memory a face so like this in its clear outline that she thought she could not be mistaken. Where or when she had seen it she could not at the moment recall, and then the memory of the girl, she scrutinized her with such intensity that Marah felt, without seeing the curious glance, and believed that she was recognized. Her fingers trembled over the keys and her voice finally broke down completely. Overwhelmed with mortification at this signal failure her eyes filled with tears as she looked imploringly at Dr. Earle.

"You have gone beyond your strength! Come, I will assist you to your room." With a grateful smile she laid her hand within his arm. As she passed Mr. De Vere she said hastily:

"I thank you for the beautiful flowers"? simple as were the words they had power to set the boyish heart a throbbing.

"Unless now that you have your brother's judgment in regard to what is required to constitute female beauty is quite an fait," said Herbert, as their eyes followed the retreating form of the fragile girl gliding slowly with a weak, fluttering movement like a wounded bird.

"She is very beautiful and artless," was the reply, so charmingly frank that Mrs. Dudleigh admiringly remarked:

"You quite disprove the theory that one beautiful woman cannot appreciate the loneliness of another."

"That opinion is held by many, I think, Cousin Evelyn, who do not dream of the injustice they are doing to the majority of our sex. A beautiful face possesses a rare charm for me, and I delight in looking upon it, whether it belongs to man, woman or child."

As Doctor Earle re-entered the room Clarice asked with well feigned solicitude:

"Is the poor child suffering? Isn't she lonely? Do you think she would like me to read to her this afternoon?"

"Your zeal to do a kindness, my friend, renders you oblivious to the fact that I cannot reply to more than one question at once," said Doctor Earl, smiling down upon the fascinating face.

"Ah, but you can answer the most important. Can I do her so good? She appeals strongly to my sympathies and has gained my heart. I can pardon Herbert's frenzy now."

Dr. Earle smiled complacently upon the dis comfited youth, who petishly dashed the yellow curls from his forehead, and begged that Clarice would confine her remarks to her own admiration, and not be forever harping upon us. Obeying, on urgent appeal from Clarice, Dr. Earle sought Marah again, and asked permission for Miss De Vere to read to her in the afternoon, to beguile the tedium of her confinement, and to his surprise came the not very gracious reply:

"I am never less alone than when alone, Dr Earle?"

"Am I to convey that message to Mrs De Vere?"

The fire leaped into her eyes for a moment, and the white lips were compressed as though to prevent the escape of angry words.

"Perhaps I should thank your friend for her apparent kindness to a stranger in my position, but I am not the least grateful!"

"Then I infer you decline the offer?"

"I decline the offer of a favor I do not feel inclined to be made the object of curious scrutiny?"

With an astonished and almost contemptuous smile, Dr. Earle silently withdrew from her presence.

Poor Marah! suffering from over-exertion her foot throbbing painfully, her head in a whirl—another heart aching from its load of grief and fear. What wonder that the most serious words escaped her in her extremity. When left alone to her reflections she thought that perhaps after all she had wronged the lady, for her every present fear and misery had been her suspicions of every glance bestowed by stranger's eyes, and so she fretted herself into a fever and wondered why she had been so born.

"I may go?" asked Clarice, eagerly advancing toward Dr Earle in the hall as he returned from Marah's room.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Clarice, but Miss Waters is too much indisposed at present to listen to reading."

"Ah poor child! but I can surely go and sit beside her?"

"No, Clarice, she had better sleep if possible," said Dr. Earle, very tenderly compassionating the girl, disappointed in her kind desires, and he saw nothing of the deep chagrin that filled Clarice's head at this frustration of the plans she had laid to watch the young face until she could obtain a clue to the resemblance to someone whom she felt confident that she had met.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Birdie resumed her studies which had been discontinued since the accident. Upon Marah's face rested a quiet resignation to the decrees of Providence, for which she had struggled through the long hours of the night, and after the morning's recitations were completed she still lingered in the quietude of the little school room, thinking and planning for the future that stretched so darkly before her, and wondering how soon, she must flee as a guilty wretch from this haven, where she had hoped to find a refuge; being overpowered with weakness and a want of rest the preceding night, she laid her head upon her folded arms and fell asleep, and slept too deeply to hear a light footstep or to feel the intense gaze of a pair of eyes that were eagerly noting each lovely feature.

"That cap is sworn as a disguise without a doubt. If I only dared to lift it! but I fear 'twould waken her, and she knows that I suspect her, I am sure," thought Clarice, as she stole stealthily every undirecting.

"Clarice De Vere has never failed in any scheme, especially if the road to it lay thro' a living heart, for when did I ever fail to win what I have thought worth the effort, and surely this unsophisticated creature must yield to my blandishments and allow me to take a closer view of things that will in the end betray her into my power. She repels no more, but seems wearied and sad.

Still Marah slept on, and soon another stood beside her. Dr. Earle had taken a beautiful magnolia blossom to offer as an evidence that he would overlook the unpleasant occurrence of the preceding day, and he too, paused to gaze upon the unconscious sleeper, whose cares were all forgotten in the sweet land of dreams; and happy smiles parted her lips as they parted, murmuring "Dear Father." Feeling that he had no right to take advantage of her unconsciousness, he gently laid the blossom upon the hair beside her and left her presence. When a little later Marah opened her eyes they fell upon the flower; she snatched it up hastily and went away with mingled feelings of wonder and vexation.

"How could I have been so imprudent as to have fallen asleep, when I was liable at any moment to be seen? Who could the intruder have been? None other surely than Mr. De Vere with whom I shall always associate those lovely flowers." Thus Marah alternately chided herself and admired the blossom and thanked the donor. Then sitting down she tried to recall the sweet dream of her father. Not since their separation had his presence seemed so palpable as now—the tender cadence of his voice still lingered in her ear! And, oh, how homesick she was! How she was not long permitted to indulge in this pleasant reverie, however, for a light tap upon the door was followed by the entrance of Birdie leading by the hand the one of all others she least wished to see.

"This little child has guaranteed a welcome for me! See, we come laden with flowers." And Clarice, with cheeks aglow from a hasty walk in the grove, emptied her full of blossoms in Marah's lap, and then with graceful ease took her seat and drew from her pocket a dainty bit of embroidery with which she was soon apparently absorbed, though casting furtive glances while. Poor Marah felt, however, that so soon as she withdrew her glance from the fair false face she became the object of Miss DeVere's closest scrutiny, and her keen eyes noted the delicate beauty and Ethel joined them. Very adroitly Clarice led the conversation into a channel where the delights of Ethel's birthnight party were dwelt upon, and then, as though actuated by a sudden recollection, she exclaimed:

"Oh, by the way, have you ever heard anything more of the history of the pale faced boy in whom you took such an interest, that I very little believe, Ethel, your brother feared for the safety of your heart?"

"No, nothing, and never will, I presume, till her watery grave gives up its dead," said Ethel sadly.

"Do you know I have strong doubts of the drowning of that person, the ruse might so easily have been practiced. You have heard Cousin Evelyn, the story of the little tramp who imposed upon Dr. Earle's household?"

"Yes, I have heard it, and was deeply impressed with its romance. The culprit was so young and so lovely, I have been told."

"Ethel, perhaps you had better recount the story for Miss Waters. It may bring forgetfulness of her pain for a time, or are you overcome already with that bit of romance?" said Clarice, looking fully at Marah over whose face a grey sickly shade was spreading, while the blue lips seemed stiffened into marble. But the conviction that this wife woman had indeed recognized her and was trying to crush her stung her to action, and a defiant light leaped into her heartfelt eyes that gave such glance for glance right boldly as she replied.

"No. I have never been told."

"Ah, well, then prepare yourself for a thrilling tale!"

"Commence, Ethel, in real story fashion 'One cold cold night,' said Clarice, with well assumed innocence.

"I had much think it best to repeat it in the presence of a child or an invalid," said Miss Dudleigh fearing its effect upon the sensitive nature of Birdie and Marah.

"Oh, Ethel, you are impudent, but you were ever one of the thoughtful ones. Cousin Evelyn," said Clarice, in a tone of self-reproach.

"Then Marah must hold her curiosity in abeyance till a more fitting time," said Ethel, who was really glad to be excused from a repetition of the sorrowful story.

"Marah don't you look weary I fear you are not feeling so well this morning," said Mrs. Dudleigh anxiously regarding the haggard face.

"I had rather a restless night and do not feel quite so energetic as usual, thank you," said Marah, trying to smile, but the evident effort was as painful as tears.

"Ah, poor child, I fear my constant chatting has worried you. I will go now and let you recall peace so disastrous that your physician will deny me the pleasure of a second." And playfully waffing her a kiss from her finger tips, Clarice glided out of the room, her long white wrapper sweeping the floor, suggesting to Marah the frail of the serpent. Mrs. Dudleigh and Ethel also retired leaving her to her lonely musings.

Discovery was surely staring her in the face, she believed this woman to be heartless enough, upon the evidence of her suspicions to have already put the detectives upon her track! But they never, never should find her! She arose and looked out of the window upon the waters of the St. Johns, broad and blue and still.

"Beneath its calm surface I should sleep with no haunting fears. It would be but one plunge and the afterward I would trust to infidelities and mercy," she murmured, and already dizzy with water hissing in her ears; her limbs grew cold and clammy. A knock at the door startled her! She shrieked and clasped her hands to an agony of fear. Dr. Earle entered hastily.

"What is the matter?" he said, clasping her icy hands in his. With a sudden movement Marah wrenched them from his grasp and whipped them behind her and gazed defiantly at him, for she thought he had come to charge her with her guilt, but a look disarmed such suspicion.

"You think me crazy," she said, with a harsh discordant laugh.

"You are certainly acting in a totally incomprehensible manner to me," he replied taking her arm with quiet authority to the lounge and seated himself beside her. The strength had opened itself, and her tender heart and helpless at her side, Dr. Earle felt one tenderly and clasped it between his own.

"Poor child you have seen trouble, I fear; did your mother forsee the bitterness that was to come into your life when she named you Marah?" A dream of things shrieken you "Touch it."

At the unexpected tenderness of his tone the hard helpless look fled and the big tears welled up to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks upon the arm of the sofa, she so bled out her grief and anguish. Dr. Earle's arm encircled her waist, he drew her to his side and held her there with a firm yet gentle pressure, and when the storm had subsided and Marah only sobbed that it was inexpressibly sweet to have the shelter of kindly arms once more, and with her head upon his shoulder, forgot for the time the barrier more cruel than the grave that could forever put her beyond the reach of such tenderness, or if she remembered it, it was but to cling still closer, as the pilgrim, finding solace in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, lingers with reluctance to go on, dreading again to seek the shady arid plains.

"Marah, why will you not trust me? tell me your trouble; perhaps I can assist you. I would do as an elder brother to a sister. You know I am very much older than you and can give you the benefit of experience and riper judgment, perhaps."

"I see you with my secret?" cried Marah, starting from his side with the sudden recollection of the friendless boy he so readily delivered into the hands of the officers.

"You am I such an ogre?" he asked, smiling at her delighted face.

"I cannot tell you or anyone, Dr. Earle. It must die with me," she replied mournfully, looking almost unconsciously from the window to the broad, shining river that flowed by. It was to hide her and her dark secret from curious eyes! And she smiled as she remembered this secret that no one could take from her. Dr. Earle intuitively divined her thoughts and determined to keep a watch upon her movements.

"I wish you to lie down and calm yourself, Miss Waters, something has agitated you fearfully."

"I would rather go out into the air, this house stifles me, there is poison in the atmosphere."

"Are you well enough to walk alone?"

"Yes, I will stop often to rest."

"What time do you wish to go?"

"While all are sleeping this afternoon, for I desire no encounter no one."

"If you think your ankle is strong enough you can go."

As soon as Dr. Earle had left the room, she began to test the strength by walking briskly across the floor, and then awaited with almost feverish impatience until assured that she could steal out unobserved, when she went like a freed bird to her favorite haunt, but to her surprise and vexation she found it already occupied by Mr. De Vere who was stretched at full length upon the grass, the smoke of his cigar curling above his head, while the book from which he read was held before his face in such a manner as to conceal Marah from view and she would have retreated but for an unlucky step upon a fallen bough which attracted his attention and he started up.

"By George! Oh, I beg your pardon Miss Waters, you took me so confoundedly. I mean so completely—by surprise! I thought you still an invalid—so glad to see you," he said extending his hand, into which hers fell on delingly, for there is a kind of free masonry among young true hearts, enabling each to recognize to the other, whatever is loyal and good.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Marah started for her walk she had not, as she thought, eluded the vigilance of the household, for Dr. Earle quietly watched her movements, and strolled leisurely after her that he might be near if the weak ankle should prove treacherous, and screened from observation he became an unwilling witness to the meeting between the young girl and Herbert De Vere, and heard the passionate words of love that were ever one of the thoughtful ones. Cousin Evelyn," said Clarice, in a tone of self-reproach.

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to hang," said Clarice, gazing earnestly at Mr. Earle.

"No," was the emphatic answer, for he was recalling that even her lips should charge with treating the young girl whom friend Wood had left in his charge at last—and Clarice, anticipating a different reply, was quite chagrined at his vehement denial of what she really believed to be true, for she had seen her brother stroll off in this manner and after he had gone Dandy saw Marsh wending her way in the same direction, and she followed them with the intention of discovering their secret, if there were any.

"Whether the meeting was a preconcerted one or not, I would like to break in upon the spell that girl is weaving around my brother. Come, go with me; our presence may prevent such trouble as I am sure that she would cause unnecessarily to many." She plead so earnestly that Dr. Earle allowed himself to do that against which his pride and delicacy rebelled.

"May we join you in your joyless retreat?" said Miss De Vere, approaching and quietly seating herself near them, apparently unconscious of the impatient glance darted towards her by Mr. Marsh annoyed at the false and unpleasant position in which she was placed, became exceedingly embarrassed, almost losing her characteristic self possession, although the pair appeared very much at their ease, and were soon joined upon by a third unwelcome party. Dr. Earle refusing to be ousted supported himself against a tree and with folded arms looked down with a certain good-natured affection of indifference upon the emotions there.

"We have interrupted your reading, I fear," said Gertie lifting the volume of Tennyson from the ground where it had fallen when Hinch so unexpectedly appeared.

"We were not reading when you came," said Herbert, impatiently twitching his mustache.

"Do you like 'Maud' Miss Waters?" asked Gertie, assuming a tone of interest.

"I believe that is the only poem of Tennyson's that I have not read."

"Ah then let me have the pleasure of introducing it to you." And with that book open in her hand, but with her eyes riveted upon Marsh's face, she repeated slowly and in an impressive manner:

"Into the dreadful lobster hatched the little wood
Its lips in shekfish stores are dabbled with blood
and teeth;
Till filled lobsters drip with a silent horror of
blood
And robs there, whatever is asked her, answers
death."

"But nancy, child! how nor can you must be to grow as pale over a little poem; one would suppose you really saw in your mind's eye a mangled lobster and heard the sad wail of laughed Clarice laying her jewelled hand upon Marsh's lap.

"It is enough to make one's flesh creep to have you read such words in such a manner Clarice; you must be careful your nerves is as not yet recovered her strength" said Herbert eagerly. Dr. Earle looked down upon the flower suffering face and attributed the changed appearance to the effect of bodily pain, and as she lifted her eyes to his in such appeal to involuntary bent towards her as if to gather her up in his arms and carry her home, but as his glance fell upon Herbert's expressive face his manner changed and he said stiffly:

"If you are not feeling so well, Miss Waters, I would advise you to return to the house."

To this suggestion Marsh gave a deferred glance and she had so hoped for a restful quiet walk! With difficulty she arose to her feet, refusing with politeness Herbert's proffered hand, and hoping that he would not accompany her home. Vain hope! Dr. Earle with a deferred glance at her he drew Marsh's hand within his own and supported her wavering steps to the door.

"I was very unfortunate in my selection of a poem; there was something in it that did not evidently shocked the poor girl," said Clarice, following the retreating forms with apparently regretful eyes.

"I presume she is in bodily pain," said Dr. Earle, indifferently.

"Do you know, Dr. Earle, I am impressed with the belief that these lines foreshadow and had blighting memory," said Clarice, warily approaching a subject she longed yet feared to discuss.

"What imaginative creatures you fair damsels are! How could anything have occurred in her young life as appalling as the words would suggest?" said Dr. Earle good humoredly.

"Is not the beautiful little friend you blindly sheltered quite as youthful?" asked Clarice.

Dr. Earle started and scanned the questioner closely to read whether there really lurked in her heart the foul suspicion her words implied, but the well poised countenance baffled his tales, yet it rested immediately the disturbing effect her remarks had produced and allowed them to ramble there undisturbed by additional word or intimation for the present.

Marsh spent the remainder of the afternoon in sore disquiet. Mr. De Vere leaving her at the door, turned away with disappointment, and his heart full of anger toward his sister for interrupting the tête-a-tête and most important. With the sad face of his beautiful charmer constantly haunting him all the long afternoon he resolved, if possible, to win the right to protect her from the rude inquisitive eyes of others. In the evening, a favorable opportunity presenting during his promenade upon the balcony, he made known his intentions to Dr. Earle. For a few moments after his avowal the latter puffed his cigar in silence. When he spoke it was to ask:

"Have you reason to suppose your suit will be favored by the object?"

"She has given me no cause by word or act to believe that she has any idea of my regard for her."

"Then if you have not already won her love, I would advise you, young man, to crush out such a sentiment as soon as possible. Your acquaintance is so brief that your feelings have surely not become deeply enlisted, and in a short time change of scene and the faces will soon efface from your and your little fancy, and you will regard this little episode in your life as a fair adream."

"But why give me such advice? Why shall I not persue the course I have laid out for me?"

"Because of the difference in your social states! You are blinded by a young man's excited passion and cannot discern the obstacles that always attaches to things forbidden. Should you succeed in your love would come in time, and succeed, that you would be glad. If this brawny creature were but my equal in birth I could ask nothing better for my darling boy's pleasure, and the influence of this 'fit' would almost inappreciably impart itself to your manner, and you would be the same refined, well versed and gail, becoming a fearful stumbling block to domestic bliss. It has been truly said that a misalliance is the most unhallowed it always productive of unhappiness."

"I do not worry you with the cool calculating kind of love you are able to bestow upon Miss Herbert Hinch," said Marsh, flushing the color from her face, and her eyes flashing with unwonted brilliancy. Dr. Earle dropping his hands behind him measured off in an opposite direction, and turning the head of the retreating figure face to face, he resumed sitting behind one of the massive pillars of the piazza at her face, marble white as the bright of the moon, revealed that she could not have heard. She read in his eyes, and in his attitude of utter composure for her unusual feelings, and with a proud smile she continued: "Yet, I heard all you said, for I was seated here in my usual position—and, I do not regret having been a listener to what you say now—I can consider it a good lesson given for a near as a warning to guard my interest." And drawing her slight form from the shadow she stood with brilliant eyes down upon Dandy's face, and her head thrown back with proud defiance, could her self-possession to his heart but, in every attitude and expression of her face, there was the impress of the wounded pride and mortified sensitiveness.

(To be continued.)

THE BROKEN TIE.

TO A L.

I've given up the friendship 'twas a hard, a sore
But manly nature for no proud to bear
Such cutting scorn
It is ended—and forever
Let it slumber in oblivion—it has lost its charm for
Its waning light could never shed one gleam of joy
more.

Oh, but believe me, while I breathe this last farewell
No thought of bitterness or scorn shall in this
bosom dwell,
The purest love, I regarded, I can yet be just to
those who
And bravely the chain affection forged to fetter thee
and me.

The future never may bring again, as in its path
A heart more faithful than the one now lightly cast
away,
Therefore in sadness, not in wrath, do I give back
my claim,
Withholding only that which stamps on memory's
page—thy name.

COUSIN DICK.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodford were enjoying a confidential matrimonial chat over their late-a-tete dessert, and discussing at some length the antecedents and probable future of a cousin, Mr. Richard Broughton, who had lately dropped down on them, not from the clouds, but from a Liverpool express train. This gentleman had in his youth been "crossed in love." Always a musical enthusiast, he had become attached to an amiable girl, a young accompanist, who was the main stay of her mother—the widow of a captain in the army—and some younger sisters; and having himself not yet made a fair start in life, the elders of both families rose up in arm against the alliance.

Mrs. Woodford, of nearly the same age as her Cousin Dick, had been his confidante in their boy and girl days, and sympathized warmly with his disappointment, without very precisely understanding how it had come about, and was now assuring her husband that the attachment had been a far more serious affair than many youthful fancies commonly are. It was true the gentleman had as far counsel himself as to marry another lady; though it was resorted he had wedded a shrew, who had not made him supremely happy. But he had his wife some time before leaving Australia, and now, after a sojourn of nearly twenty years in the colonies, had returned to England with something more than a competence.

"But what became of Miss Clifton?" asked Mr. Woodford.

"That I do not know," returned the lady. "Clifton was only her professional name; her real one I quite forget; therefore if from any circumstance she passed into private life, it would not be easy to track her. Dick only called her Alice to me."

"Probably she also married," said Mr. Woodford.

"Possibly," replied his wife; "though women are more constant than men; and though she ceased to answer Dick's letters, and really brought him to a state of misery which drove him out of England, I never thought the fault was quite her own."

While Mrs. Woodford was yet speaking, there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Broughton was announced.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" cried Mr. Woodford, rising to greet the visitor "But we can have the lamb brought back" he added.

"Thanks, thanks," said Mr. Broughton; "but I dined at the hotel. I am sure I ought to apologize for calling at such a time, and for having taken you by surprise."

Dandy was a terrier, and his master's almost inseparable companion.

"Now Dandy, behave!" continued his master, "and go and beg pardon for both of us. Say we know we are two unmannerly hours at present unfit for good society."

Very much as if the sagacious animal understood every word addressed to it, he approached Mrs. Woodford, and sat on his haunches in a begging attitude.

"He means biscuit," said the lady with a laugh, suiting the action to the word by giving him one, with a careless pat into the bargain.

"Seriously, however" said Mr. Broughton, "I would not have come at such an hour, but I wanted so much to tell you that at last I haven found lodgings which I think will just suit me. Or rather I should say that Dandy found them for me."

"Dandy! Well, he is a clever dog! He will talk next, I suppose. But," continued Mrs. Woodford, "at present his master must explain."

"It sounds ridiculous perhaps to tell of such trifles," replied her cousin, "but for the last three or four days—ever since the hot weather set in, I have felt quite interested in a shop in —— neighborhood—mainly, I think, from the humanity displayed by the owner in setting a large bowl of sparkling water by the door for the use of any dog that might pass that way, for which Dandy has been grateful more than once. It is a music warehouse on a small scale, but where they also sell fire ornaments and ladies' Berlin work and so on.

"I know the place," interrupted Mrs. Woodford; "it is kept by a widow and her maiden sister, who seem very superior people."

"Oh, I am glad you know the place," continued Mr. Broughton. "Well, this afternoon as usual I waited, looking in at the shop window, while Dandy quenched his thirst, and wishing I could decide on something to purchase, by way of remunerating the dog's debt, when I observed a card which intimated there were apartments to let. There were directions to knock at the private door; but seeing no one in the shop to attend to me, Dandy and I entered the shop, and when I followed to look after him, I saw him planted firmly near an inner door, and accepting the caresses of a little girl of about seven years old or of he had known her all his life. I made inquiries about the apartments, and found they consisted of the first floor, a nice bedroom, and pleasant sitting room; attendance with good cooking guaranteed, and no other lodgers taken.

"Of course I went up stairs to look at the rooms. Dandy leading the way with the canine gravity which you remember used to him the other day. He jumped on a chair to look out of the window, and then on the sofa, as if to examine the softness of the cushions, and finally gave a little yelp, which was repeated by the child, and which seemed to say: 'Master, this will do; here we are quite at home.' Even the mistress of the house, Mrs. Gray, laughed at the evident contentment of the dog. But what charmed me was there was no rebuke for my poor Dandy's jumping on the furniture, and remembering bodies the best of water, I felt inclined to believe that Dandy had recommended the room than before led in the house. Accordingly it was with a good hope that I intimated that my dog was my constant companion, and that I trusted his presence would not be objectionable."

"Of course," said the widow, "as there only lost a dear old dog within these three months; and for my own poor pet's sake, if for no other consideration, I should be loth to refuse a dog to children. I believe they take after their sons; and my child delights upon dogs."

"Ah, I suppose," said the visitor, "that you have a number of children, and I am sorry to hear it, for I have always been under the impression that they were a great nuisance; but I suppose I am getting old, for instead of acting a very old bachelor's part, I am thinking of settling a very old bachelor's home."

"No doubt it was the case," said Mrs. Woodford, the elder of our cousin's former flames, though at present she is taking a little holiday, staying at the sea-side with her children; so that you will be quite alone. There is another gentleman lodger, a Mr. Broughton, who comes home every evening, and one of the family evidently musical, I am in hopes they will not object to my visits, practising, for I am very fond of music, and for an inmate. What I want now is comfort to enjoy myself after my own fashion, and opportunity of doing some little good in the world, which I hope to use by taking occasion offices. Five years more at the most at poles and I might have come home a richer man; but perhaps in that time health would have been destroyed by over-toil, and I should have been less able even than now to turn into new grooves of life and restore habits of culture. As it is, my means are ample for all I am likely to want. With books and music and Dandy, I expect to get on capitally. Besides, I mean to come and see you pretty often.'

"Indeed I hope you will," ejaculated husband and wife together.

"If we come too often, they must turn us out —must they not, Dandy?" said Mr. Broughton, speaking to, and petting his dog; and then he added, turning to his cousin: "By-the-by I ventured to give you as a reference as to my respectability, respectability, Sir!"

"And I will give you a good character, Dick. I promise you," replied Mrs. Woodford; "and what is more, I will recommend Dandy to Mrs. Gray's special regard. He certainly is the cleverest dog I ever saw. Look at his tail wagging his tail at me, as if he understood every word I was saying!"

"Spoken just like the Cousin Maggie of early days," said Mr. Broughton, with a certain tremor in his voice which proved that his feelings were touched. "Always full of sympathy and thoughtful kindness. Yet even you can hardly tell what a friend Dandy has been to me through years of loneliness."

"Yes, I can, Dick," said Mrs. Woodford, 'if I had not a pack of children to think about, I should want dogs or four-footed pets of some sort."

Only a fortnight had passed, but 'Cousin Dick' seems so completely installed in his new lodgings as if he had occupied them for months. His most cherished and favorite belongings were all unpacked and arranged about his rooms according to his own taste and fancy. A few well-worn books which he had had with him in Australia held a place of honor, though they were now flanked by many fresher-looking volumes; and an old and cherished violin rested in one corner, and had evidently given its sitting room its inhabited look, though writing materials near the window and newspapers lying about, contributed to the effect.

Over the mantle-piece in his bedroom he had arranged his store of warlike weapons, a sword, which Richard Broughton had certainly never used, but which he valued as the gift of a dead friend, pistols and revolver which he had looked on as rendering in many a perilous journey, and a boomerang, brought to England as a curiosity.

Mr. Broughton had finished his break fast, and was enjoying his morning newspaper; but he had been to the opera the night before, and the melody of an air which had delighted him still haunted his ear, and even disturbed the rhythm of the lively article he was reading. He was not much disturbed by Mrs. Gray's knocking at the door, she came, as she usually did every morning, to receive his orders for dinner.

"You manage my dinners so nicely for me," said Mr. Broughton in answer to some suggestion of his landlady, that I think I cannot do better than leave all arrangements to you. But do sit down; I want to thank you for taking care of my dog last night. I hope he was not troublesome to you."

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Gray; "when once he ascertained that you really were not in the house, he settled down quietly, and played with the children till they went to bed."

"I am so glad your children are not afraid of him," observed Mrs. Broughton.

"Oh, they are too well used to a dog and to pets in general to be afraid of a gentle creature like Dandy. In fact my difficulty is keeping them out of your rooms. Ally you remember how Dandy took to her from the very first—Ally wanted to come in and see the dog just now. I daresay she is near the door still."

"Oh, pray let her in," said Mr. Broughton, himself rising to open the door. "I will not be jealous because it is my dog she wants to see not me," and there was a little laugh at the idea of Dandy being such a favorite.

When the room door opened, sure enough little Ally was found waiting but not alone, her brother, a curly-headed urchin two years her junior, had hold of her hand, and both were evidently in expectation of being allowed some little fruit with the dog.

"Come in, my dear—come in," exclaimed Mr. Broughton. "Dandy will be most happy to see you, and will show you some of his accomplishments, if you like."

Though a little shy at first with the "strange gentleman," Ally soon lost the sense of the vague sort of way to reverence, and for whose comfort they were told to refrain from noise, the shyness soon wore off, when they found that Dandy's master was so willing to be their playmate as Dandy himself. For their delectation the dog went through his most admired tricks; he jumped over a stick, he allowed of mimic shooting and acted the dead dog. he begged for a piece of bread, but could not be induced to eat it till assured it was paid for. Moreover, he howled a note in unison with one his master played on the violin; but probably without meaning to imply admiration of the latter performance.

A less keen observer than a fond and widowed mother was likely to be, might, if accompanying the little ones, have left the pretty sure that food as Richard Broughton was of his dog, it had not exhausted all his capacity of loving. By people who have studied the habits of animals the mystery of canine attachment he had often been ridiculed for the intensity of his affection for Dandy, and when he spoke of a 'dog's love' as being the only ideal of life that had ever been realized, few persons understood him. But Mrs. Gray saw at a glance that he had a natural love for children, and probably felt all the more grateful, and considering all the circumstances of her household, she thought herself most fortunate in her lodger.

It is astonishing how soon pleasant habits may be formed. Before the next week had passed it became quite the custom of the children to come into Mr. Broughton's rooms at least once a day, ostensibly to play with Dandy; but also they brought their toys to show to Dandy's master, and chattered away, as bright, eager, fresh-hearted children are pretty sure to do with them whom, by some subtle instinct, they regard as their friends. Dandy's genius predominated in the house, the witch fascinated Topsy, was a frequent subject of conversation, and when Mrs. Gray was declared, Dandy's master had become the object of the former. Dandy's and her death and burial at seven years old were matters of which Mr. Broughton was informed by the children, and he was deeply touched by the extraordinary sensitiveness to everything connected with the departed one. Then followed many years of arduous labor as a governess. During that time Mrs. Gray had married a second husband, a carpenter and builder, but had her youngest and eldest daughter, Mrs. Gray, was the only one left.

Six weeks after the return from Scotland, Mr. Broughton was again established in which Richard Broughton and Alice Croft were the principal actors. Mrs. Gray, the widowed mother, and Ally, the child, were subordinate and little else. Dandy, under the circumstances, was not to be thought of, and he was left in charge of the house. Mr. Broughton, after a short time at the house of a friend, returned to his lodgings, and lastly to the house of Mrs. Gray, and as it is the intention of the writer to bring the narrative to a close, we will not linger over the details of the courtship, but will only say that Mr. Broughton, after a little while, as if the word were quite sufficient; but added a moment after, as if the thought of more information being required had just come to her: "She is Alice, and I like Alice; only they call me Alfy. Auntie is so good," the child continued; "mother says she is the best auntie that ever lived. And I must try to be good too, because I have got her name."

"Quite right, my darling," said Mr. Broughton, giving the child a fatherly kiss. "But run away now, for I have letters to write. Will you leave me the album; I should like to look at it. Topsy's mother don't think she was much like Dandy. Do you?"

"Not a bit!" cried the child, tripping off gleefully, and leaving Mr. Broughton with his heart stirred in a manner it had not been for many years.

It was true that he had letters to write, but it was half an hour before he took pen in hand. The first few leaves he idly drew forth a powerful magnifying glass, and by its means to study the face of the lady with the dog most narrowly. Yes, he had not a shadow of doubt that this dear 'auntie,' the maiden sister of Mrs Gray of whom he had heard, was the love of his youth, the Alice Clifton of the concert-room, the Alice Croft of private life. Photography revealed some lines of care and suffering that had not belonged to the fair young face he so well remembered; but such foot-marks of time must be expected in the course of twenty years, even under happier circumstances than had probably befallen the woman in question. That she should have relinquished her professional career without having married, puzzled him. But he had inclinedly heard from Mrs. Gray that 'auntie' still was coming home to income; and before many days should pass he would certainly find out a thing or two which must greatly influence his future.

As if to confirm his already strong belief beyond the power of even momentary cavil, the next time he went down stairs he observed a flat box in the hall table, which on looking it it were intended for himself, he saw was addressed "Miss Croft."

The next day Alice Croft returned home: and as Broughton was taking his coffee, he could hear the children's merry shouts of welcome, at which, by-the-by, Dandy put up a short bark, as if he thought he too had a right to join in the demonstration.

Mrs. Gray looked hurriedly," thought Mr. Broughton to himself; after twenty years of separation I can wait for a few days surely. After all, if we meet on the stairs she will not recognize me in the half light, even should I believe she remembers." And thinking thus, he glanced at himself in the chimney-glass, noting the bronzed weather-beaten face and figure that looked back at him, while that it reflected. "I wonder, though, if my name will strike her" he continued, pondering. "Perhaps not; and yet it may."

But the fact was, Miss Croft had not as yet heard the new lodger's name, for her sister had at first misunderstood it, and had written it 'Rawton' in communicating the news that the rooms were let; and for four days passed away before Alice had any inkling of the mistake. Meanwhile Richard Broughton had seen her—unseen himself—more than once and had even heard her voice speaking caressingly to the children. How it thrilled on his ear and confirmed his resolution!

It was the early twilight of a summer evening. The shop was closed, and Mrs. Gray had sent all of I may wait upon her."

But Mr. Broughton followed the servant downstairs, and was ready to avail himself of the permission given, in a minute.

The room was looking it her duty, lighted the gas before leaving the room; but she left it burning low, so that the lingering daylight prevailed over it. Though the reception room was at the back of the shop, there was more than an air of refinement about its appointments, and the outlook into a more yard was masked by a balcony full of blooming and odorous plants. Through the glass doors into the shop remained open, probably for the sake of air, but to such a passionate lover of music as the visitor was, the sight of two or three pianos and a harp and other musical instruments of delightful ideas than of anything else.

Alice had risen from her chair, and advanced with outstretched hand to meet her guest: but she did not seem able to find a word of greeting.

"Alice" exclaimed Mr. Broughton, 'if I may still call you so, do I seem like one risen from the dead?"

"Oh no, she replied; "I never thought you were dead. But as she spoke there was a faltering of her voice which showed that she was agitated.

By this time both were seated, though a little way apart. Mr. Broughton drew his chair nearer, and said softly: "Alice, I come to ask you if it is too late to mend our broken chain?"

"But you are married; I heard that long ago," exclaimed Alice with dignity. "You have no right to allude to the past."

"I have been a widower these two years," was the rejoinder.

The explanations which followed need not be described in detail.

Letters kept back, false messages,
The silence old and drear,

had separated the lovers; and when Alice Croft learned that she was forsaken, a severe illness ensued; after her recovery from which, it was stated that her voice was seriously impaired. Indeed it was feared that a little, as was suggested by the extinction of the faculties to overstrain it; the resulting check a deterioration which usually did. It was no longer powerful enough for the concert-room. These followed many years of arduous labor as a governess. During that time Mrs. Gray had married a second husband, a carpenter and builder, but had her youngest and eldest daughter, Mrs. Gray, was the only one left.

Six weeks after the return from Scotland, Mr. Broughton was again established in which Richard Broughton and Alice Croft were the principal actors. Mrs. Gray, the widowed mother, and Ally, the child, were subordinate and little else. Dandy, under the circumstances, was not to be thought of, and he was left in charge of the house. Mr. Broughton, after a short time at the house of a friend, returned to his lodgings, and lastly to the house of Mrs. Gray, and as it is the intention of the writer to bring the narrative to a close, we will not linger over the details of the courtship, but will only say that Mr. Broughton, after a little while, as if the word were quite sufficient; but added a moment after, as if the thought of more information being required had just come to her: "She is Alice, and I like Alice; only they call me Alfy. Auntie is so good," the child continued; "mother says she is the best auntie that ever lived. And I must try to be good too, because I have got her name."

"Quite right, my darling," said Mr. Broughton, giving the child a fatherly kiss. "But run away now, for I have letters to write. Will you leave me the album; I should like to look at it. Topsy's mother don't think she was much like Dandy. Do you?"

"Not a bit!" cried the child, tripping off gleefully, and leaving Mr. Broughton with his heart stirred in a manner it had not been for many years.

It was true that he had letters to write, but it was half an hour before he took pen in hand. The first few leaves he idly drew forth a powerful magnifying glass, and by its means to study the face of the lady with the dog most narrowly. Yes, he had not a shadow of doubt that this dear 'auntie,' the maiden sister of Mrs Gray of whom he had heard, was the love of his youth, the Alice Clifton of the concert-room, the Alice Croft of private life. Photography revealed some lines of care and suffering that had not belonged to the fair young face he so well remembered; but such foot-marks of time must be expected in the course of twenty years, even under happier circumstances than had probably befallen the woman in question. That she should have relinquished her professional career without having married, puzzled him. But he had inclinedly heard from Mrs. Gray that 'auntie' still was coming home to income; and before many days should pass he would certainly find out a thing or two which must greatly influence his future.

As if to confirm his already strong belief beyond the power of even momentary cavil, the next time he went down stairs he observed a flat box in the hall table, which on looking it it were intended for himself, he saw was addressed "Miss Croft."

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A LITTLE ROMANCE.

"I really think we might do something for her, Clara."

Mrs. Glenn stood warming his coat-tails before the cheerful fire in the drawing-room, Mrs. Glenn sat opposite, with no very gracious expression in her face.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Glenn; "she had just as much money as you when you both started in the world, hadn't she?"

"Well, you; but you see, my dear, Fanny has been so unlucky. She married at sixteen, and that ne'er-do-well husband of hers contrived to spend it all before he died."

"Whose fault was it that she married such a poor bargain?" sharply questioned Mrs. Glenn. "Not yours, I'm sure."

"Well, we can't always foresee the future," mildly remarked her husband. "Here she is now, a widow, and destitute, with that little girl left on her hands, and no means of providing for it!"

"No means!" echoed the lady. "But that is insane. Didn't I cut out that advertisement about the governess in the story, and send it to her? And didn't she send it back with an insolent message, that she didn't choose any mental position! Mental, indeed! After that I wash my hands of both of 'em."

"But, my love, Fanny never was strong."

"Never was fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Glenn, growing red in the face.

"And," desperately added Mr. Glenn, "I thought as our spare chamber wasn't occupied at present, you would invite Fanny and her child to stay here as a sort of headquarters, while she tried to earn something as a teacher."

"A teacher!" sneered Mrs. Glenn. "Oh, yes, that would suit Fanny Vivian exactly to go smiling and smiling into peoples' houses."

"Clara, hush," interrupted her husband. "You forget, it would seem, that Fanny Vivian is a lady!"

"Lady or no lady, I'll not have her in this house!" cried Mrs. Glenn, angrily. "And if she thinks——"

But at this moment the somewhat stormy dialogue was interrupted by the opening of the door which led into an adjoining room, and a tall, sweet-faced young woman in widow's weeds entered, leading a curly-headed little child by the hand.

"Geoffrey," said she, in tremulous accents, "I—was waiting in the other room, and heard all. I couldn't help it. And, while I thank you for your kindness, I must Clara distinctly to understand that I have no favors to ask of her!"

Mrs. Glenn bridled and drew herself up.

"I never heard a case yet of listeners hearing any good about themselves!" said she, with a somewhat embarrassed smile. "But I certainly have said nothing that I didn't mean."

Fanny Vivian held out her cold hand to her brother.

"Good bye, Geoffrey," said she, simply. "We used to be all in all to each other, but since your wife has come between us you have never been quite the same."

"Fanny, you must not leave!" left her brother, home, leading little Linda by the hand.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed away since the morning when Fanny Vivian so resolutely separated her future from that of her brother, and Geoffrey Glenn lay ill in a stuffy little lodging in the least promising portion of the lovely city of Florence.

Fate had not treated him well since he sided with his wife in that memorable family quarrel.

His business had fallen away, his health had failed, and now, at forty-one, he lay dying in the foreign country.

You would scarcely have known Clara Glenn, as she stood at the window, searching through and through her shabby purse for a solitary coin, but in vain.

She was pale, wearied, and worn.

In place of the substantial silks in which she used to rustle, she wore a threadbare brown poplin, spotted here and there by medicine stains.

Alas! poor Clara!

As she took the purse with a sigh she glanced towards her husband.

He lay apparently asleep on the bed, and, with a noiseless footstep, she crept downstairs to where Elgia, the porteress, was nodding at her post.

"Elgia," she said, wistfully, "are there any English families living in Florence now?"

"There was Il Signore Cherwinde, the English sailord, at the Villa Castellani, on the Arno," she said, after a moment's deliberation. "He was an Englishman, and people said he had married an English wife."

"Is it far out of the city?"

"Not far," Elgia answered; "a mile or so. The signora would know it by the superb marble statue on either side of the gate. The figure stood some money down as if it were written."

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Very satisfactory accounts have been received in England of the progress of the Mission settlement in Central Africa.

The American Tract Society has paid to its agents the circulation of 59,631,000 worth of publications during the year 1873. The London Tract Society claims to have circulated, without cost for agents, about 200,000 worth of religious literature.

The Free Methodist clergymen are much opposed to the New England style of preaching, which consists in beginning on Monday morning, meditating two or three days, then writing it before Sunday, and when Saturday comes hunting for a text, and having got a text, preaching it, to be admired by a great number of ladies and gentlemen as rich thoughts, beautifully expressed, that style of preaching prevailed in Wesley's day, but now the people have become thoroughly sick of it. This is the true cause why there is desire to have old country preachers, who preach the Word in simplicity and power, dividing their sermons into heads, and introducing some of the old phrases, mingling thought with scripture. In New York, and all over America, that is the style of preaching that is taking, and when Saturday comes the brethren are learning to preach in that way, as they have heard the old country preachers and learn them out." The New Englanders say this idea is a caricature.

The Christian Sunday-school Union of Great Britain has 782,218 scholars (an increase of 12,000 for the year); of whom 60,000 are members of the churches of the Union.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's "Cathedral of the Redeemer," will cost $500,000, and when finished, the "Chapter House" &c., will increase the expense to $1,500,000.

According to the latest statistics, the population in Italy is every where increasing, and it reckons only a little more than 24,000 Jews.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has about one thousand congregations, and belongs to the Free synods, thirty-four presbyteries and one thousand congregations.

The Liverpool National Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in Scotland was inaugurated July 16th by a reception of delegates at Edinburgh. The Union embraces 10,000 members, with membership exceeding 10,000.

The Free Italian Church, since inaugurating its new services in Rome, have opened two places of worship, one in Milan and one in Bastignani.

In Rome, Bologna, Florence, Milan, Naples and Palermo a year, in which the pilgrims deposited money to pay for maintaining the Shrine of the great cathedral.

The Congregational church at Farmington, M. H., has voted to have no preaching in their church until all debts are paid.

In reply to a recent letter asking his opinion of the effects of wine-drinking among the middle and upper classes, Archbishop Manning has said that it was not enough in check drunkenness—that intemperance should be checked as well. In his opinion, the best way to do this was to make wine children never to touch liquor. He believed that most of the unhappiness in upper class homes arose from the drinking habits of the husband, which fellow wine drinking.

The Eighth United Presbyterian church of the city, Rev. W. Ross, D.D., pastor, during last year completed quite extensive repairs on their building.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart., minister of St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, has been appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal, Scotland.

The Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, having decided to leave Princeton, has been elected professor in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in order to become the assistant of his father at Princeton Seminary, the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., professor of Theology in Toronto Seminary. Mr. Kellogg was recently a missionary to India.

St Mary Woolnoth, of London, who is now in his ninety-third year, April 9 last, while he was about to secure an amelioration of the condition of the Jews of London. Seventy years ago he made a visit to Palestine with a view to the observation of the condition of the Jews there.

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St Peter's Church, Rome, holds 54,000 people; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Paul's, at London, 25,000; San Petronio, at Bologna, 24,000; Florence Cathedral, 24,000; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 22,000; St. John Lateran, 22,000; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 13,000; Milan Cathedral, 12,000; Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's at Bologna, 11,400; Cathedral of Viends, 11,000; St. Marks, at Vienna, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

Dr. Begg, the sturdy opponent of all innovation has been appointed Moderator of the Free Church Assembly still while all the members rose to sing the psalm with which the services of the Council opened.

Brigham Young is now a member of a Methodist church in Lockport, N. Y.

The salaries of the Bishops of the Southern Methodist church are considerably reduced.

A service in memory of Mr. P. P. Bliss has been held in one of the Congregational Churches of London.

The Triennial Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of all lands will be held in Paris in 1878.

The English revisers of the New Testament have carried their second revision to the end of the seventeenth chapter of Acts.

A memorial window to the late Rev. Dr. Duff has been placed in the Free Church, Edinburgh, where he was for many years minister.

The Terrible Crime of a Young Girl.

The London Daily News of Aug. 2 says: "A remarkable case was heard before Mr. Justice Hirett, at Bury St. Edmonds, on Tuesday. Kate Ellen Robinson, a young woman of about 20, was charged with wounding Margaret Ann Reed, her assistant in the lace factory at Sudbury. Mrs. Wender is a widow of seventy-eight years of age, and of independent means. On April 8 last, while she was in bed, the prisoner suddenly, and without any apparent reason, savagely attacked her with a sharp-pointed instrument, beating about the head and face. In the struggle Mrs. Wender fell out of bed, and the brutal was lost; but a search was instituted by the police, and in a bill-hook, with which she hacked her victim about in a terrible manner, stopping her mouth with an apron when she attempted to raise an alarm. She then entered the old woman up and left her lying on the floor. Returning in a short time to see if she was dead, the prisoner next proceeded to ransack the house, taking all money and articles of value she could find, and put her hands on. Then she went to the nearest railway station, where she told a woman she was going to Ipswich, and should be back in a few minutes to take the things which she had with her. She never returned, however, from which place she was also followed through Edgbaston and loss of blood, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a passer-by. The prisoner was traced to the railway station and found with the stolen property in her possession. Mr. Justice Hirett, in passing sentence, said that if a grown-up person had been convicted of such a diabolical crime as that of which the prisoner had been convicted, he or she would, in addition, have committed he or her to penal servitude for life; but, taking the prisoner's youth into consideration he would sentence her to only twelve years' penal servitude."

"THE CONFLICT OF AGES."

Men differ on nearly every issue. There have always been two opposing forces in the world, and there will be to the end of time. Good and evil, right and wrong, truth and error, are the two great forces that are struggling for the mastery in the world. Between these two forces there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Infidelity there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Heathenism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Mohammedanism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Romanism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Mormonism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Spiritualism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Universalism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Unitarianism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Rationalism there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Secret Societies there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Intemperance there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Sabbath-breaking there is a conflict of ages. Between Christianity and Licenti

THE SHIP BOY'S LETTER.

BY J. J. ROOSEVELT.

Here's a letter from Bobbie Sefton,
A letter just over the sea,
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night
Would waken me clear for me;
And I laughed in my dre post man's fave
Lying at the anchor off Cape Race,
For you said it was an woman, like
To put my head in a pack.

"Dear father and mother and granny,
I write you on the beach of a gun,
And I think as I sit at the portside,
And look at the back of my pen,
Sailor's smoking his pipe beside you,
Or getting clean rigging ready,
For a mariner's proud of his chaddy.

"I'm aren't he hard on the writing,
For, what with mast and sail and with ink,
My fingers are getting so tarry
I'm spelling in border fist,
And every minute I think
I'll have to cut the back of my pen
And I don't see the use of it then,
And I end as I set out the words of a line.

"And, granny, the parter you spin all day
Won't be half so long as mine,
When, from port to port again.
My arms round your neck I'll throw,
You say he's married and gone,
But I'll bring you one or two.
And you'll be a happy old gear,
And a fan for—you know what.

"Then good-bye to each dear face at home,
Till I come it will not be long,
Then we'll have a regular "shipe at sea,"
And feed good all and sundry.
I'm sending a small present
Through storm and thicket and steam,
For I'm a mariner proud of each other,
We're sure to meet again.

THE CIRCASSIAN RACE.

The Circassians are all of the Mohammedan faith, and the great ambition of the villagers is to enlist in a regiment of their own nationalities. They cultivate the land, but in a very lazy and careless manner, preferring to supply themselves with the necessaries of life by an occasional foray into the surrounding districts. The outstanding symbol of their liberty is a revenge for blood, and one in the one subject upon which they never converse with strangers. When I was at work upon Teuhey, prior the following description of his visit to a Circassian village in Turkestan:

"The chief was away, but I was received with great civility by some of the inhabitants, and put into a good lodging which was immediately filled with male villagers, some of them old and dignified men who had many days ago fought against the Russians, and had been banished to Asia Minor. As soon as I was seated, I saw all eyes turned upon my right hand, and was politely requested to show them for inspection. They were both of good workmanship, and the eyes of the men spoke plainly enough that if they were handed round, and I now saw that I was now regarded with greater respect. They in turn showed me their arms for inspection, which were all flint and steel locks, but exquisitely worked, and inlaid with silver. They also brought out several women which had been worn by their fathers, and which seemed to be sacredly preserved. I was told that the only occasion that may have the misfortune to fall into their hands.

"As an irregular soldier, the Circassian has not probably an equal in any country. He is sober, abstemious, hardy, intelligent, and patriotic; and when setting out upon an expedition, he carry burdens himself with any other stock of provisions than a bag of flour, a little salt, and a leather bottle full of skhon, a kind of sour milk. With whatever else is necessary he supplies himself on the way. A chief's equipment is a rock service him as a bed, and his sheepskin cloak answers the double purpose of mattress. This garment is superior to anything in the way of a covering known to the European soldier. In the summer it protects him from the heat, and in winter from the cold; and he does not suppose the Circassian's sandals of untanned leather. These enable him to accomplish a long day's march with a minimum of inconvenience, or to climb with ease the steep sides of his native mountains.

"All the qualities of a Circassian warrior are accomplished with marvelous rapidity and a cunning, daring, and resolution which are accustomed to the serious disadvantage of a scarcity of powder, every effort is made and every danger faced to obtain a supply of this material; and so economical is he of it that he rarely or never wastes a shot. These wild mountaineers are also required a proportion of skill that appears almost marvelous. Their rifle has been spent in warfare, and every practice has made them to bring down an enemy with unerring certainty while riding at full gallop. The Circassian has also the purpose of the bayonet in the world. Man and beast seem to understand each other, and move and act in perfect harmony. The moment a Circassian, at full gallop, address shown by a Circassian and his steed can only be appreciated when seen.

"A soldier, without study of the Circassians has been made among the wild scenes of their native mountains, and from the study of their wonderful method of carrying on the perpetual warfare that exists between them and their warlike neighbors. It is only by study of will this modern century send a ball to its destination with fearful accuracy, at full gallop, but quick as thought to bring his body to cover under the belly of his horse to avoid the fire of his adversary, or, placing the poor animal between himself and the expected bullet, he will leap its mane with one hand, and accompany the well-known gallop of his horse. He will run dangers in its impetuous bounds over the rugged surfaces of its native mountains, and, when out of danger, remount with the saddle at the same breathless speed. The reader may therefore picture to himself the resistless impetuosity of a horseman, and the flying horseman of the mountains, sweeping like an avalanche on some devoted body of their country's foes from whom, as they approached, making the heights around re-echo with their fearful shouts, and the valleys below answer the fearful effect on coming to close quarters, while the most slaves of the Cossack lances that oppose them will be expected by the skilful and well-directed blows of their admirably tempered blades. They will cut their way through any force that may be drawn up in column in disorder, and then as suddenly disappear through the opening portals of some mountain defile, where the pursuing force will be shadows of their own primeval forests, before which they will stop, and, rallying, will stand in their wild fray but closed off and before their pursuers can fire, in spite of their admirable discipline, and the precision of their artillery in fear on the fierce band, which, although coming upon them and disappearing with the rapidity of a dream, will have left behind it the painful memento of their presence behind them in the scattered bodies of their enemies and the smoking ruins of their villages.

On the side of the Turk the Circassian fights on equal ground, and the Russian will find that he can only be opposed when attacking the defenses of their homes. The experience of the Russians in Circassia proved that the whole of Circassians in choice passed outward from their native country to Siberia, the original of these men was the direct result of the bullets from their carbine during the retreat and exchange of shots between the river Kuban and the Black Sea, and not one escaped through the fort of their having remained on the side of the Circassians, and fought to the last against their self-imposed and against the power that has given a home to their relatives. A general belief exists that the Circassians will not victory gained by the Turks over the Russians will inspire the desertion of every Circassian in the Ottomanlie realm.

The Dipper.

A writer in the "Contributors' Club" of the August Atlantic Monthly tells of his discomfiture when, in speaking to some English friends about the one-grasp of the "Dipper," and of the "Dipper" himself, he appeared to be met with the name, he was met with the blank question:

"What is a dipper?"

"Here," he said, "were people, with whom I could talk for an hour about Locke, and Berkeley, and Hume, who didn't know, after all, what a dipper was."

Then he tried to explain the result was;

"A ladle! We understand. Oh, yes. A ladle."

"In this case," the writer adds, "not only the words but the things varied; that is, they don't mean the same thing in England as they do here."

When Professor Proctor was asked by the editor of St. Nicholas to write a paper on the constellation of the "Dipper," he appeared surprised for a moment, and then said:

"Oh! You mean the Clouver. We call that constellation the 'Clouver' in England."

GOOD MATCHES.

As soon as ever the announcement is made that a young lady is engaged to be married, the first question asked by each and all of her female friends is, "Is it a good match?" There are few people so simple and unsophisticated as to need to be told what is meant by the inquiry. By a good match is meant one that unites in a robust frame, of acknowledged probity, of sportive vivacity, of sufficing talents, of honorable ambition, but one who is of "good family," who has a bonny rent roll, or a rattling good business, or who has considerable expectations from his father or mother, they not being expected to live too long. This is a practical rather than a chivalrous age, and, therefore, the solicitude of the young lady's relations and friends is that she may secure to the financial even than to the genealogical side of the question. "Please a money" renders a marriage sacred, and even a bridegroom as an object of interest. If the response to the query "Is it a good match?" be that it is not a good match at all, since the days of Sir Charles Grandison, romantic notions and very doubtful expectations, the examination of the lover's own antecedents and character will be entered upon on the most right manner, and the commiseration extended to the unfortunate fiancee, on account of the unhappy choice she is about to make. Nevertheless, even here

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1877.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

Theodore Winthrop was born in 1828, and up to 1861 had accomplished nothing that had attracted particular attention, indeed, he had published very little except a florid criticism on Church's picture, "The Heart of the Andes," and a few pieces of fugitive poetry. All his friends, however, knew him to be a most assiduous writer, and felt confident that his day would come. These friends were not deceived: his day did come, but, alas, not until he was forever past enjoying his well-earned triumph.

Winthrop had been a great traveller in his early manhood, for he was not physically robust and thought that changes of air and scene benefitted him. On his journeys he had made copious notes, the fruits of which were often used, years after wards, by the public in his admirable "Life in the Open Air," and "The Canoe and the Saddle," both posthumous publications.

Winthrop was educated at Yale College, and there acquired scholarly lore more than ordinarily profound, and as a debater exhibited taste for athletic amusements. For a time he was in the counting-house of W. H. Aspinwall, of New York, and then studied law. He was an ardent politician and had strong religious convictions.

On the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, Winthrop enlisted in the New York Seventh Regiment as a private, and the June number of the Atlantic Monthly appeared his spirited account of the march of that regiment to Washington. This account, which was remarkable for its sparkle and dash, was widely copied, and stamped him as an able magazinist. It was followed up by "Washington as a Camp," which also had a marked success, and was equally brilliant.

Had his contributions to the Atlantic Monthly been continued, Winthrop would undoubtedly have won a literary fame during his lifetime; but such was not to be the case, for a bullet cut him down at the battle of Great Bethel, and on the 21st of June, 1861, his body lay on a bowlder in the armory of the Seventh Regiment in the metropolis. Thus died, at the age of thirty-three and almost unknown, a man who was even then one of America's greatest novelists.

After Winthrop's untimely death, his papers were examined, and among them were found in manuscript "Life in the Open Air," "The Canoe and the Saddle," and "Isthmiana," all sketches of travel, and the following completed novels: "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," "Edwin Brothertoft," and "Love and Skates," together with the fragments of another romance which its author had named "Brightly's Orphan." These unpublished manuscripts were read and found to be of surpassing merit. They were edited by George William Curtis, who had been one of Winthrop's friends, and by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, then the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, issued them promptly in book-form, one after the other.

"Cecil Dreeme," the first published, was prefaced by Curtis' kindly biographical sketch of the author, was favorably reviewed on all hands, and met with such an immense sale that fifteen editions of it were speedily exhausted. "John Brent" followed, reaching twelve editions in a remarkably short time, and then came "Edwin Brothertoft," seven editions of which were disposed of as fast as they could be got ready. "The Canoe and the Saddle" and "Isthmiana" came next, running to six editions in a moderate time. The last volume issued contained "Life in the Open Air," "Love and Skates," in the Atlantic Monthly articles, the fragment of "Brightly's Orphan," and the criticism on "The Heart of the Andes," and this also sold rapidly and well.

Of Winthrop's works Curtis wrote: "The reader will be interested to know that, with a very few slight omissions, these are published precisely as left them. But these, which he had himself prepared for the press, form a remarkable manuscript enough for more than another volume; comprising poems, lectures, sketches, the beginning of another novel, and a completed earlier tale; but not in fit form for publication. A man who wrote so much and so well was not of course indifferent to the publication of his works, for the desire of an audience is part of the author's instinct; and that these are first printed after his death is not owing to any want of effort on his part, but to circumstances which no author can control. He can but do his work. It is for others to receive or decline it."

Winthrop's novels have never been equalled by those of any other American writer. They have an abundance of plot and incident, character-sketching and a thoroughly healthful tone. Not one impure thought or unmanly sentiment stains them, and the style in which they are written is so crisp and vigorous that it is no wonder that the public has given to these books of travel and fiction the favor which it has bestowed upon them.

Curtis, in the extract we have quoted, hints rather plainly that Winthrop, whilst he lived, made unsuccessful attempts to obtain a publisher. This is not strange, for our American publishing-houses have ever been over careful in taking risks with new and untried authors. Perhaps, Winthrop's romantic enlistment and death on the field of battle had much to do with the success of his works, and if so, we can only regret that merit like his should have needed such extraneous aid to awaken the people of the United States to a sense of its existence.

PROFANITY AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Nine men out of every dozen, in this enlightened land of ours, we suppose, swear, and we are absolutely afraid to guess how many boys, small and half-grown, do the same thing. The fact is that profanity, now-a-days, seems pretty generally to be regarded as a manly accomplishment, and to be indulged in only as a sort of necessary emphasis or "clincher" to an assertion. We venture to assert that not one person, either young or old, ever uses an oath with the deliberate design to commit a wicked or even a reprehensible action, and yet profanity in any light it may be viewed, is a sin expressly forbidden in Scripture, and, besides, looked at merely in a secular way, a decided breach of good manners.

If people would only think for even an infinitesimal space of time, they would clearly see that swearing is not in any sense an accomplishment, nor is it in the least manly. It is not an accomplishment simply because it is vulgar and low, and it is not manly for the reason that it is unbecoming the dignity of God's most perfectly organized creatures to ever blaspheme that any other emphasis or "clincher" to their assertions than the tone of absolute sincerity is required. If a man or a boy thinks for an instant that he will be more readily believed by his fellows because he backs an oath to every assertion he utters, he is most egregiously mistaken, for the profane tag, after all, really amounts to nothing but a senseless waste of breath; it carries with it no confirmation or assuring quality whatever.

But we presume that most men and boys swear from habit. They rarely fall into the error of believing that their oath sounds big, that it sets off both them and their phrases, and this error leads them naturally to excess in the employment of expletives. We once asked an American lady why she did not smoke, and received the prompt reply that smoking was not an accomplishment for ladies. This response was a truism, but it carried a world of weight with it. The ladi s of this country do not consider smoking an accomplishment, hence they do not smoke. Now, if the lords of creation, in the rising candidates for that proud position, the possible presidents and senators, would only arrive at a parallel stroke of wisdom and look upon profanity as not an accomplishment for men, they would do without their oaths as easily as the ladies do without smoking.

We suppose there is no use of addressing the case hardened on this subject of speech-reform, but there certainly is a chance to touch the sensibilities of those who have not yet sworn so much that it has become second nature to them, and, therefore, we say to all such: examine into this perfectly useless, and consolute your own good sense as committee of one to report upon it to yourself. A little sober reflection will teach you what proper accomplishments are, and that swearing is not among them. Learn the lesson well, and then, if we are not much mistaken, you will be heartily ashamed of yourself that you ever stooped to utter an oath, and will firmly resolve to be a non-swearer for the future.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

JUST at this time the newspapers of the land are teeming with descriptions of the Russian statesmen and military leaders. Prince Gortchakoff is described as "a little woman of a man very much like M. Thiers," and only one year younger. He wears spectacles and talks excellent French.

WE are told that more than five million cans of corn are now packed in Maine annually, and sold in various parts of the world, giving employment to from eight to ten thousand persons during the packing season. But if the corn was canned as successfully as it was by the original Winslow, who was the first to can corn as it ought to be, twenty million cans could be disposed of. seldom that a can of first-rate corn is to be obtained. When opened, the contents of the majority of the cans are found in a poured condition.

RUSSIA seems to be in small terror of John Bull, and the leading Russian journals jeer at England in its manuvres to make common cause with the Turks. They say there was a time when such a demonstration might have excited Russia, but that time has passed, as it would bother England to send ten thousand troops to Constantinople, and to send fifty thousand would exhaust the nation. These journals forget the hosts India could furnish, and that a few troops is not so much farther off from the Red Sea where these troops did such splendid service.

LORD DUFFERIN is a great admirer of this country, its people and its institutions. He recently wrote as follows: "I have always thought that no Englishman, no matter how large may have been his political experience at home, can be said to have completed his education until he had the good fortune to have examined the institutions and social characteristics of the United States." This is sensible if not grammatical.

INVENTIONS, having for their aim the slaughtering of animals with the least possible amount of pain, are continually being made. At present, the news reaches us that the English butchers have been experimenting with dynamite, exploded by electricity, as a more humane means of killing cattle than the present method, and find that it works admirably. A small primer of dynamite is fastened to the forehead of each animal, with an electric fuse attached. When the electric current is sent into the section, the charges are exploded simultaneously, and the animals are instantly killed.

THERE of the unsubstantial fame of an open prison domain, Clara Louise Kellogg proposes to knit her name with something that will live. She will establish a college of music with the proceeds of her California tour. In an interview with a New York World reporter she says the idea is not one of recent formation, but that it occurred to her over five years ago. In her various tours she has been constantly approached by young girls possessed of the faculty to become singers if they could afford to be educated. Now and then, as in the case of Aimi Abbott, Abbott and others, kind friends had been found quite willing and able to indulge the aspirations of cultivating these embryo vocalists, but the majority had remained in oblivion. Miss Kellogg sees the English term, college, in preference to conservatoire, in speaking of the proposed institution. The college is not to be one for girls exclusively, but for both sexes. The best lyric and instrumental teachers will be employed. The location of the college will be somewhere up-town in New York city, and she hopes that it will be presently presented. According to her plans—should sufficient fund be obtained—the college will give a thorough musical education for the church, the concert-room or the stage, and for unrewarding teachers. The course of instruction will be adapted with a view to fitting each pupil for the profession of that branch of musical art for which he or she is best fitted by natural endowments.

OUR learned and philosophical friend, the editor of the Boston Saturday Gazette, thus discourses on women and her influence: "Some one, with the facts hitherto kept from him from the knowledge of an admiring world, has recently come to the defence of lovely woman with a statement of what she had done for the world as an inspiring element in the female in man. It would appear that little has been done in art or in literature that has not been, either directly or indirectly, animated by the gentle sex. We learn that Napoleon's genius was stimulated and developed by Josephine; that Marlborough was entirely swayed by his wife, that Peter the Great was made by Catherine and so on to the end of the chapter. Poets have written their best works under the influence of women; painters have painted their finest pictures under the same inspiration. Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, are instanced among countless others who have been moved to exert to gain the love or the admiration of those they adored. Oddly enough, in the majority of cases these women have not been the wives of those so devoted to them. Taken from this point of view, the question resolves itself into an endorsement of that cynic, who, upon hearing of any deed, whether great or small, whether it was of a burglary, a petty quarrel or a murder, invariably asked: "Who is the woman?" If it be really true that woman has so great an influence over man and his destiny, she is hardly justified in claiming for the extension of her sphere of usefulness. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that most men who have become great have had to struggle alone with the world or else whose superior spirit has dwarfed the more placid influence of their husbands. When thrown upon her own resources it is extraordinary how much more nerve than man a woman has under misfortune; how more obstinately she will struggle with fate. It is also true that she will struggle at all times, the Amazonian spirit slumbering even in the mildest female nature, and only waiting for a favorable opportunity to make itself fully manifest. This particularly in her state of wife and mother-in-law. When these natures are tied to combative men, then begins a warfare that never ends, and is only broken by brief truces. It is especially noticeable in literary life, authors belonging as a rule to the genus irritable. The instances of Socrates, Milton, McAlice, Byron, Dickens, Bulwer, Mill, Lewes and scores of others, will arise to the mind at once. Even Shakespeare has been added to the list on the score of the curt manner in which he dismisses his wife in his will with the legacy of a bed; perhaps the very bed which listened to the trying curtain lectures he may be presumed to have suffered in common with the husbandkind. The biographies of eminent men abound in examples of unhappy domestic life. It is true that they also show some delightful pictures of connubial felicity, as in the case of Mozart, Southey, Rubens, and the Shakespeares, but the rule seems to tend towards the unhappiness. Though woman may have inspired much, it becomes a curious question how much more would have been done if that portion which does not inspire had been as happy in its influence as the other."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have published, as a volume of their neat "Uniform Edition of Dumas," the first two volumes of the tales of "Jack." As Alphonse Daudet wrote this story and published it in Paris, it was to a very large extent a work of imagination, and was issued in two volumes, containing 737 pages, into one volume of 338 pages. Nevertheless she has managed to give, in her own inimitable style, as many or more of the story. "Jack" is neither so powerful nor so dramatic a romance as Daudet's pseudo-autobiography, "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine," a full translation of which Messrs. Estes & Lauriat put out in a sensational, an excellent novel. But "Jack" is more out of common, and the plot of the story is more unique. It is a novel of the day, and is interesting. There is a revealing tone of satire in the tale, though, here and there, Daudet's subtle sarcasm is overwhelmed by his pathos. We, however, suggest Dickens constantly, and some of the characters are certainly modeled upon those of Dickens. The book is handsomely printed on fine tinted paper, and bound in cloth. The price is $1.50 per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have issued "My Female Lot," a novel, by Mrs. C. V. Hamilton, who is well known as the authoress of "Lucy Lockwood," a book of much power and interest, and is written in a clear, flowing and polished style. Those who once begin it will hardly cease to lay it aside, but will read it, and, after the reading, will find themselves sympathizing with the heroine and sometimes bothered upon it. The work is a model in point of typographical excellence. It contains 320 pages, and is for sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., who, by the by, publish in one neat paper-covered volume two treatises, one on "Serpent and Siva Worship and Mythology, in Central America, Africa and Asia," by Hyde Clarke, M. A. I., and the other on "The Origin of Serpent and Siva Worship," by Alfred Wake, M. A. I., the whole edited by Alexander Winder, M. D. These treatises are full of interesting and curious matter, and will be found very much valuable information. All who desire to know about serpent worship should read them. 8vo, illus., 40 pages.

The Compound Oxygen Treatment: Its Mode of Action and Results in the Cure of Disease. Seventeenth edition. Pamphlet. By Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. This pamphlet treats of "The Compound Oxygen Treatment" as practised by the publishers, and also of their own physicians. It should be read by everybody, and the merits of this peculiar curative agent must become generally known. It will be sent free to all persons desiring it. In case connecting with the establishment referred to Messrs. Starkey & Palen advertisement, will be found in another column.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine, for September, comes to us with an admirable table of contents. The illustrated articles are "Among the Kabyles," by Edward C. Bruce, and "A Pelican Holiday," by Charlotte Adams, both well written, and the latter very bright and entertaining. An anonymous article on Madame Jolliffe-Bonaparte will attract much attention. It is evidently the fruit of a personal intimacy with this remarkable woman, and contains many anecdotes. Another article, serious and drastic, and of some details which will be read with interest, is by Howard R. Jenkins recounts the battle of Hanover Junction, and the hair-breadth escapes, other particulars gathered by a close investigation. There is a short paper on "Our Black birds," by Mrs. Mary Treat, a student of the Venetian play-bill craze, Carlo Gozzi. This is described as "a baroque Lessing's Dr. Faust," by Edward Bellamy; "A Great Scholar," by Alexander Del Mar; "An Invasion of the Marquis of Montcalm," and several chapters of Mrs. Davis's new serial, "A Law unto Herself;" and there is the usual variety of poems and miscellaneous matter, all combining to make a very attractive number.

The Galaxy, for September, presents its usual ample store of fun, reading, and poetry, and nearly one hundred fine pictures. For lovers of good literature the selections are admirably well illustrated. Dudu—The Story of a Beautiful Russian—the latter being a description by Kate Field of the dancer whose picture on the top of the mountain, especially interested the public some months ago, while it is full of stirring incident and effective picture-painting, every phase of Mount Sinai's scenery. The Marquis de Grandvelle, Dr John W. Draper's exceedingly interesting paper on thermometers, with numerous illustrations. For those interested in the Indian question is Mrs Helen Jackson's well-compiled and entertaining "Indian Reading Book," entitled "Domestic and Artistic Life of the Ancient Mexicans," a very effective engraving. Especially timely are the three papers devoted to the Centennial Exhibition—the Editor of the Galaxy, entitled "The Landing of a Ship," a beautifully illustrated article, not only explanatory of the engravings by the title, but also investigating the subject with the usual associations inseparably connected with the great commercial mart on this coast; and Edward Howland's thoughtful paper, entitled "A Railroad Study," well commend itself to every one who has a desire to see the present crisis, brimming prominently in the view of the railroad operations of the stockholders and administrative professors in connection with the railroad. In a brief paper entitled "Some Impressions of the European Press of View," the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon gives a resume of some facts as surprising as they are gratifying. The

The number is devoted to "General Stark," and the Battle of Bennington," and is effectively illustrated. Two articles of especial literary interest are contributed by "Tom Hood" to America," by Samuel Lover, and "Walk from Keeley's Pen," by Park Benjamin, Jr. The latter contains a hitherto unpublished letter of a very remarkable character, written by Mosley just after Poe's election to the Presidency. For readers of fiction there is a story by Miss Louise Hall, and "A Visit to a Country House and Whist," by Annie C. Howells.

We have received from Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, the following pieces of new music: "Vive la Compagnie," a very spirited and excellent song and chorus. "When Stacey Eves Died on the Sea," one of Henry Tucker's charming songs; "The Heart of Man," with beautiful words and melody. "In Lonely, Dreamy Hours," a pleasing ballad chorus; "The Celebrated Evangeline Waltz," very pretty; and "The Davy Crockett March," spirited and pleasing.

CASTE IN INDIA.

The great sin of fashion, the great minister of death, was the prejudice of caste. It was this which, in so many instances, prevented the request or the acceptance of aid until want had so enfeebled the sufferers that aid came too late. One instance may be given out of many. It was that of a weaver, who told his own story. When the distress commenced, he wished to go to work on the roads, and in fact did so, until the butter off of his caste prejudices. By degrees he sold all that he had and, finally, when too weak to do anything, came to the workhouse. Here, and nowhere else, he could get food enough for healthy subsistence, but for the effect of caste. Some who had been in better circumstances, and had usual exertion, or wounded their feet and ankles in the jungle, which is as sad a wound for an anascarcous body as can be, in one way or another they slowly gravitated to the last refuge of the destitute, the workhouse; by joining a relief centre, and eating the government food.

In Bengal caste forms the very centre around which all else revolves. To be an outcaste is to be in the position of an outlaw in old times, with the merciful chance of being killed by a stranger. Caste is the upper chamber, the requirements of caste make life a positive burden. In the lower classes, caste may be reckoned by paying a fee and finding that caste runs. Of how much more fearful a nature is it in the upper classes, where the unchecked power of a prejudiced public opinion than that of any other form of oppression. It is illustrated by the great features of Indian famine. The Brahmin will take all he can out of his slave, but respects his life sufficiently to feed as they are necessary to his working power. The sacred animals are also cherished. To be a Brahmin is to be in the position of an outlaw in old times, with the merciful chance of being killed by a stranger. To be an outcaste

THE REFRAIN.

BY E. P. TATLOR.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it flows through the valley of Years;
With a faithful pulse and a gentle rhyme,
And a lullaby for our fears;
As it bends with the bend of the hills.

Now the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds are flown,
And the year in the shoal—so they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest airs are playing,
Where the apple blooms and the white sails shine,
And the bells of the church ring out a chime,
And a song is sweet as a vesper prayer,
And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and tresses of snow;
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and toys and gifts of gold.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a fair tattooed and a bent without stings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mist is seen to fade,
There are wavy tresses of golden hair,
And a necklace of pearls we had;
There are dreams that cannot be told.

O! remembered be ever the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night!
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May that "Long-ago" of bed be in sight.

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFE-TIME," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "LORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

From that day I saw Mrs. Hardrom more frequently. She seemed to have overcome some at least of her fears; she no longer turned deadly pale at the wash of the waves or the lashes of the spray. Yet she did not care to see much about among the other passengers, or being with them. She preferred the early morning hours on deck, and more than once I found her there waiting to see the sun rise. She liked the night when the moon shone and the light of the stars glinted over the sea.

Mrs. Vans confided in me that she fancied Mrs. Hardrom shrank from these hours, and dread them all her superiors. I may mention en passant that Mrs. Vans had the greatest admiration for my title. She would have served a duchess on her knees. She believed in birth; by an inspiration on the divine rights of the aristocracy. A title dazzled her. Virtue, genius, all were as nothing compared to the "empty perks" which announced a lord. She affected to be on very intimate terms with Belgian society; and she put the climax to her absurdity by looking down from a lofty summit of imagined superiority on the Captain's wife—never Lucie Stuart, who had no title, but who was innately a lady if ever one lived.

"I try to be very kind to her, Sir Gordon," said the obtuse lady. "I see that you are sorry for her. But she is worse at home with me. My father, who had, as I have told you, a position under Government, always said that people of different grades were never really at ease together."

The best was that some of the ladies were jealous of the Captain's wife. Not Mrs. Chaplin; for a noble face never looked so kind or so gentle as when she was near Lucie Stuart. Mrs. Hardrom, the Judge's wife, loved her; and Mrs. Leslie, when she could spare a moment from her husband, invariably gave it to the Captain's wife. But some of the others were jealous of her beauty, detested her, and disliked her terror of the sea affectation; they said she only affected fear to engage the attention of gentlemen. By the crew and those who were not jealous of her beauty she was most dearly loved.

She was certainly like a gleam of sunshine on those days when, the sea being calm, the weather fine, and the sun bright, she came on deck; she seemed to bring a new atmosphere with her. Her beautiful face had the dainty color of a wild rose; her dark eyes were clear and luminous; the sheen of her golden hair dazzled one. She was plainly dressed, but no queen in her royal robes could have looked more lovely than this tall, slender, graceful girl in her simple attire.

"The Captain, he ought to love her," one rough sailor would say to another; "she is fair as an angel."

The crew had a kind of worship for her—and I did not wonder at it when I watched her; there was a gentle, cheerful kindness about her that was irresistible. When she spoke to any one of them, her voice was like sweetest music, her smile like a gleam of sunlight. A rough word to her could be heard in Captain's with was near. One of the sailor-boys fell sick, and, while fine ladies whispered together about their fear of infection, sweet Laurie Stuart went to see him, knelt by his side, talked to him of his mother and o' heaven, all unconscious that the men around her listened with tears in their eyes, and would have laid down their lives for her sake, so great was their reverence for her.

"It is a pity she ever came to sea," one would say to another; "she is not fit for this rough life."

The days passed on, and to me it was wonderful to observe how all our passengers became one family as it were. One of the prettiest sights on board was to see the young wife, Helen Leslie, take care of Mrs. Stanton's children in her arms, shyly steal away with it to some remote corner of the vessel, and lavish all the love of her heart in kisses on the little face—kisses that, I thought, were almost like a passionate prayer that Heaven might some day send her such a treasure of her own. It was pretty and amusing too to see how quickly the child ran down to her when her husband came in sight. We had all learned during those days to feel the greatest affection and esteem for Mrs. Chaplin. She had such a passionate love for her children and left behind in England; when the sun was setting, or the sweet solemn twilight reigned, she would sit watching the skies, and weaving dreams of the future with those dear children which was never to be. She would describe them to us—tell us the color of their eyes and hair—how they had kissed her when she bade them farewell. How many hopes and dreams lived on board with us!

Major Stanton and his wife were great favorites; their little children were playthings for all on board. Mr. and Mrs. Vans were deucedly pompous and stiff—could certainly enjoyed their peculiarities very much.

"My dear," the stout little gentleman would say, with a frantic attempt at being quiet at his ease, "it is very warm here. I should like a bis drink; I—I beg pardon—as ice."

His wife's frown should have petrified him, but it did not.

"There is no reason why you should not have an ice-drink if you wish for one," she would reply sternly; and then he would be too frightened to mention it again. Her grandeur, her sentimental affections to her father's position, her evident fear lest her husband should in any way commit himself, her desire to impress us all with her aristocratic ideas, were most amusing.

Perfume her husband's anxiety about his h's and his dread of his wife were more amusing still.

As we got thirty on our way the Captain's duties appeared to become more onerous. It happened one day that he going above from the cabin to the helm, where her husband stood talking, Mrs. Hardrom fell and hurt her wrist. He was very distressed about it, and when I saw his distress I realized that he loved her dearly, despite his terrible temper. He came to me that afternoon and began to talk to me. We walked along the deck to the end of the vessel, and stood watching the broad calm sweep of the waves. Suddenly he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Sir Gordon," he said, "I am a cold, hard, stern man, but there is one warm love in my heart, one flower blooming in the desert. I love my wife. They are very simple and cold words, they do not express one tithe of what I feel, but you will understand them."

I made some answer; my surprise was almost too great for words

"At times," he continued, "I am half sorry that I have brought her to sea; yet if a woman loves her husband, she should love his profession too—should she not, Sir Gordon?"

"You would hardly expect a soldier's wife to love bayonets or gun," I said.

"No, you are right," he said, "but if a wife really and truly loves her husband, would she not rather go to sea, with him than live on land without him?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell. I have no wife."

He went on, speaking with an air of thoughtful musing, looking the while over the wide expanse of water.

"She did not want to come with me. She said she was afraid of the sea. She clung to me with weeping eyes, and begged of me to let her live on the land, saying that she would watch and pray for me."

"It would have been better perhaps to have left her," I remarked.

His face grew dark with an angry flush, and his grasp tightened on my arm.

"Do you think so, Sir Gordon? Well, I am of opinion that a woman who loves her husband should wish to be with him. Do you think fear of the sea would have parted Juliet from Romeo? Sir Gordon, when, with weeping eyes my wife clung to me, and prayed to be left on land, a devil awoke in my heart—a mad, passionate, angry devil—one whom I can no more compare than I can the winds and waves to the sun and swell—mad, bitter jealousy. Why should she wish to live on land while I was at sea? I unclasped her arms and pushed back the pleading face. 'You will go to sea,' I said, 'even if we go to the bottom of the ocean together!' She fell back crying. She has been crying, after the fashion of weak women, ever since. Why, if she loved me, did she not come and say to me, 'I am afraid of the sea, but, because you are going I too must go?' Then I should have felt sure that she loved me, and I might have left her on land. Indeed, Sir Gordon, at times I went mad with jealous rage in that hour."

He spoke in a dreamy voice, less to me than to himself. I could not control my wonder. Why should this stern, reserved man select me as his confidant? Suddenly he recovered him self.

"You will wonder why I am saying all this to you, Sir Gordon. When I was a boy in my father's house I had a picture called 'The Border Knight.' I never knew who the Border Knight was or what he had done; but he had a dark, splendid face, full of power and kindness, of reverence and honor. I took a fancy to the face; and the moment I saw you, Sir Gordon, I said to my self that you were exactly like my Border Knight."

"I ought to feel flattered," I said, but he interrupted me hastily.

"I do not mean that; I have no wish, no desire to flatter. It is not that. The Border Knight had a face that man, woman, or child could trust at first sight. I trust you. It is because I can trust you that I speak so frankly to you. I want to ask you," he continued after a few moments' silence, "to take some little notice of my wife. I have told you that I have talking to you; I never have much time to spend with her. Will you give a little time to her, and try to make her lose her foolish fear of the sea?"

He entrusted his wife so implicitly to me. Looking into his stern, rugged face I felt that I should be no man if ever, by the lightest word, the faintest thought, I betrayed that trust—and Heaven knows I never did.

CHAPTER IV.

The heat was intense. We were steaming through the Indian Ocean. The golden sun shining so triumphantly in the blue sky, was literally scorching in its heat; the water was alternately cold and blue. The beautiful Water Queen went on her way rejoicing—the captain was prouder than ever of his beautiful vessel. There was but little wind, and the long sleepy waves had no freshness in them—they were of all hues in the sunlight, of gorgeous sun; there was no foam, no spray, except that which the steamer made as she cleaved the great pathless waters. A large awning had been suspended over the deck, for the latter could be found anywhere, it was beneath it. I saw Mrs. Chaplin seeking the shade—she smiled at me.

"This is a terrible monotone of India," she said, laughingly. "The Mayor has been drinking iced soda-water all the morning. Mrs. Leslie, sit down by me; I can tell you something of Indian life."

"Where is my husband?" asked the happy, loving wife—at which question there was a general laugh. We were all on intimate terms with each other, and teased each other by this time.

"You must try to exist for five minutes without him. He has gone to the Captain's room with the chief engineer—I saw them go," said Mrs. Chaplin.

Then, to make the party complete, Mrs. Hardrom, looking most delicately lovely in a cream white morning dress trimmed with blue ribbon, joined us. The latter supported a little on her fair face, and a light of welcome shone in her sweet eyes, as I found a seat for her. In my thoughts I called her by no other name than sweet Laurie Stuart. A slight breeze sprang up, so slight that it did not freshen the waves, but it was welcome. A golden haze of heat seemed to lie over the blue waters.

"What a delightful day," sighed Laurie Stuart, as she sank back on to the cushions that I had arranged for her. "I wonder if we shall go near enough to any of the islands to get a breath of the flowers?"

"No," said Mrs. Chaplin; "you may be sure that the first flowers you will see will be Indian ones, tall, brilliant, gorgeous in hue, rich in perfume, very different from the simple blossoms at home."

"A summer day," repeated Laurie, thoughtfully. "Oh, to be just one hour on land!" The dark eyes were dim with unshed tears, the delicate lips so like crimson flowers quivered like the lips of a grieving child.

Mr. Chaplin looked kindly at her.

"Tell us what the spot you are thinking of is like," she said.

The girl's fair face flushed with rapture.

"How can I?" she said. "No poet has ever satisfied me with his description of a summer day. I know how the spot looks, how the sunshine falls slanting across the grass, how the crimson poppy shines amongst the corn, the wild roses are climbing over the hedges, and the clove carnations load the evening air with perfume. In the lovely green woods there are nooks filled with soft, dark-green light where the boughs are tangled overhead, and wild flowers innumerable cover the ground."

"You make me long for the old England," said Mrs. Chaplin; but Helen Leslie looked up at her with a happy light in her eyes.

"Wherever my husband lives," she said, "will seem the fairest land."

"I know one spot," continued Laurie, "which only to think of on this burning Indian Ocean make you years to be at home again."

"Tell us about it, Laurie," said Mrs. Chaplin.

"It is in my father's house—a nook in an old-fashioned garden. A tall spreading lime-tree stands in one corner, and round its roots grow the sweet grass, and close to it is a wide, an old-fashioned well with a wooden cover, and velvety moss all round it; the stones are always wet—the moss is wet, the water flowing from the well is cold as ice and as pure as crystal. There is a rustic wooden seat underneath the tree, and the pleasant sound of dripping water is always heard. I forget that we are on a burning sea, that I am in Indian one, when I think of the old well in the garden."

Mrs. Chaplin was silent. Mrs. Stanton said gently—

"You must love what you speak of to describe it so well;" but Helen Leslie, raising her happy eyes, put in—

"All places are alike when we are with those that we love best"—words that came back to my mind some days afterwards.

The Major sent for his wife some minutes later, and Mrs. Leslie caressed in a game with the little ones. Mrs. Chaplin, the Captain's wife, and myself sat alone. It was Mrs. Hardrom who, gazing at the noble face, said—

"You appear very sad in the midst of this glow of sunshine, Mrs. Chaplin."

She looked up with the expression of one startled from sleep.

"I was just thinking of my dream," she replied. "You need not laugh at me, Sir Gordon, but I have had the most unpleasant dream—a dream that has frightened me."

"But," said Laurie, "you surely do not believe in dreams?"

"No, but this one has frightened me. I should be ashamed to say so much to any one else, Sir Gordon has been as kind as a younger brother to me; and you Laurie, are like my eldest child. I will tell you what I dreamed. I fancied that the ship and everything in it had vanished. I saw no human face, I heard no human voice. The sea was calm, quiet, heavy and silent as a sea of lead, and I saw on it with my face turned to the skies, not drowned—nor do I remember that I had any fear of drowning; but, as I looked up at the sky, I saw my children gazing down on me with smiling faces. They held a crown in their hands—a crown all shining with jewels; and, though the distance was so great from the sea on which I was lying to the sky where they were waiting for me, I found myself rising slowly from the sea, always lying in the same position, with my face raised to heaven. It seemed to me that I descended through miles and miles of clear air, leaving the leaden sea beneath me; and as I drew nearer my children, I heard them so plainly. I raised my arms, crying out, 'My darlings—oh, my children!' And then I woke, to hear the rapid rush of the waves, and to remember that I was on board the Water-Queen."

We agreed that it was an extraordinary dream.

"I never shall like the sea," said the Captain's wife; "and when I reach land nothing shall induce me to leave it again."

"You forget, my dear, that you must do what your husband wishes," remarked Mrs. Chaplin; and I felt sure, from the tone, by the kind way that this delicate, beautiful girl must submit to the stern Captain's decree.

A day or two after that, as I passed by the Captain's cabin, I heard her sleeping; it pleased yet touched me deeply that the song she sang was "Annie Laurie." Gradually we become the dearest of friends. In all the long hours we spent together—in the dawn of the morning, when the sun rose, in the golden noon, when the sun was at its zenith, in the evening, when it crimsoned the west, in the moonlight, that spiritualized everything it fell upon—in all those long hours not one word fell from my lips or hers, not one look passed between us that would not have borne an angel's scrutiny. Her husband had entrusted her to me, and his Queen never set on her very rejoicing—the captain was prouder than ever of his beautiful vessel. There was but little wind, and the long sleepy waves had no freshness in them—they were of all hues in the sunlight, of gorgeous sun; there was no foam, no spray, except that which the steamer made as she cleaved the great pathless waters. A large awning had been suspended over the deck, for the latter could be found anywhere, it was beneath it. I saw Mrs. Chaplin seeking the shade—she smiled at me.

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A day or two after that, as I passed by the Captain's cabin, I heard her singing

1,000 BOOKS.
[illegible]
Will tell the wonderful history
Of [illegible] every time it's [illegible]
Will be found through the world round about it
And [illegible] the world's holding
[illegible] through a rent in its robing,
Its [illegible] and its [illegible]

The bad thing sowed busily for [illegible]
The [illegible] in Life's cereals is part
The [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible]
But [illegible] the good [illegible]

The good thing [illegible] and cold in the [illegible]
[illegible]
All [illegible] and [illegible] in the tempest,
And proudly out with the frost!
The [illegible] of [illegible] is [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] to be crowned.

And now her chief meal is ended
After the day has begun,
But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

TIM MARPLE'S CAREER.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The next morning, after his duties to Mr. Roberts were all performed, and he was again at leisure to visit the hospital, Tim at once went there, and was met by Frank's wife. The cruise of his dismissed and pensed, and the fever having abated, Frank was in a fair way of recovery, although still in a very weak condition.

Tim immediately took advantage of this opportunity, and in as gentle a manner as possible, told Frank that he was in his father's employ, and that Mr. Roberts was also in Montevideo. He told him of his father's distress at his absence from the paternal roof, and of his mother's unceasing grief, arising from the same cause.

Frank cried bitter tears as he listened to the account of his mother's distress, for his affection for her was as fresh as when he was a little boy at her knee, and he promised to do everything that was right.

Tim was satisfied with the impression he had made. He owed Mr. Barnet such a deep debt of gratitude that he was delighted to have an opportunity to do him a favor, and he was determined not to lose sight of Frank again until they left the country with him in their company.

It is but events were coming which changed the current of all Tim's thoughts, and claimed his undivided attention.

Many vessels were now arriving, filled with goods of the best manufactures, which made it difficult to sell their merchandise to advantage. Mr. Roberts, from over-exertion in his attempts to find purchasers, and from the effects of the heat of the climate, became quite sick. Tim, fearing he might incur danger should he ill, studied the language of the country with diligence until he had gained a knowledge of it sufficient for all purposes of commerce. Mr. Roberts, rejoicing in Tim's acquisitions, proposed remaining further up into the country, where, the market being bar stocked, they might be able to procure better prices.

As Buenos Ayres was generally the principal resort of the merchants, they went further up the river to Cordelaria, but as the inhabitants there looked upon all strangers as enemies, they were unable to land their goods. They then proceeded to Assumption.

The health of Mr. Roberts suffered severely from this journey, and as Tim, by this time, was well acquainted with the Spanish language, it was thought best that Mr. Roberts should remain at this place, where their headquarters should be established, and a chief depot made for their goods, while Tim took excursions into the country for their sale.

Tim had grown into a handsome, tall-young man. His intercourse with strangers had given a polish to his manners, his frank good humor and winning smile gained him many friends, and he was freely admitted into the best society in the town.

While at this place, they learned, with a feeling of keen disappointment, that many persons had disposed of their merchandise for much less than its value, while others had abandoned it altogether, in seeking personal safety.

In this strait, Mr. Roberts scarcely knew what was to be done. If they attempted to return to Montevideo, so much had the unsettled state of the country increased, they would surely be taken prisoner, and their property be confiscated. If they proceeded further, the peril would be equally great, with less chance of escape.

In this dilemma, the best plan seemed to be to sell the goods at the highest prices they could get, without going further, and make the best remittance they could to Mr. Barnet.

If Tim had so ingratiated himself with the merchants of the place that, through their friendly aid, he made many lucrative sales, and, as he thought if he could only visit Montevideo he would be able to find many vessels sailing for the United States, he determined to disguise himself as a Spaniard and return there without delay.

At Montevideo he found all the confusion and disorder attendant on recent revolution. Happily, he was able to dispatch his business promptly, and succeeded in placing his property in the hands of an American captain on whom he could rely. He wrote letters to Mr. Barnet, to Captain Arnold promising to join the employer, inform him of all that was taking place, and assure him of the personal safety of his employer.

Tim had scarcely got his business completed and was congratulating himself upon his success so far beyond all that he had anticipated, when he was rudely seized by some ruffianly officials on the spot and dragged through the streets, followed by a hooting mob, to a close and gloomy prison.

Tim, excited as he was by all that he had lately undergone, could not comprehend his situation, but felt as if he were suffering under the effect of some uneasy dream.

Too soon he was awakened to the dread reality. He was aware that he was in a country illy prepared with laws at the best of times, and now rendered infinitely worse by the terrible state of its people. He, however, was glad he had succeeded, even at the expense of his liberty, in making a remittance to Mr. Barnet, as yet he was mortified that anything should make him an object of suspicion to those among whom he had so lately resided.

Day after day dragged wearily along. Tim's jailer was a ruffian, who answered all his questions with a surly indifference, giving him no satisfaction whatever as to how long his confinement might last, or as to the consequences of his arrest as a spy would be.

Tim here all the evils of his situation with as much patience as he could, thinking that, as soon as Mr. Barnet knew of his imprisonment, he would come to his relief, or would be pursued on without this relief, he finally gave up all hope of assistance from that quarter.

Tim's health now began to suffer from the poor qualities and scantiness of his food. Not the good, if there could be any, resulting from the spare living of his childhood, which enabled him to bear this misfortune better than if he had been accustomed to plenty all his life.

The walls of the prison in which Tim was confined were destitute of windows, and, worse, there was no free circulation of air in the heated apartment. The only ventilation was from an opening in the ceiling, which was secured by iron bars.

Tim tried in vain to reach this opening. He had nothing on which he could climb, except a rickety table, which, with a low stool, was the only furniture he was allowed, save his hard bed. By placing the stool on the table he was enabled to feel the fresh air blow upon his face, which somewhat relieved him from the oppression he suffered.

One day, when he was endeavoring himself on this uncertain foundation, feeling almost desperate from his long imprisonment, he made a spring upward and, with unexpected success, caught the centre bar of the iron grating in his grasp.

For a moment he hung suspended, but soon the plaster around the iron work gave way, and the bolt pendants upon the floor, bringing with him all the bars that had been so long the object of his earnest attention.

The crash of his fall caused the speedy appearance of his jailor, who, with the apathy characteristic of his race, after taking a view of the mischief done, and thinking that his prisoner could never escape from such a lofty place, having nothing with which he could reach it, walked off, leaving poor Tim almost senseless on the floor.

There was, however, one thing gained by this accident. Tim was able to see the stars shine out brightly in a portion of the blue heavens, and sometimes a silver ray of moonlight would fall across the darkness of his miserable abode.

Through the long night, as he lay wakeful on his hard bed, he would gaze with rapture on this little opening, so dear to him, thinking that the same stars that beckoned his drooping spirits in this foreign land, also shone in the sky of his dear friends at home.

The immediately took advantage of this opportunity, and in as gentle a manner as possible, told Frank that he was in his father's employ, and that Mr. Roberts was also in Montevideo. He told him of his father's distress at his absence from the paternal roof, and of his mother's unceasing grief, arising from the same cause.

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LADY GERALDINE MAUD CHANDOS.

"If Norah Claypoole will return with the treasure she steals away from C. Castle on the night of June 17th, she will receive £5,000 reward, and no measures will be taken entangling her liberty or future welfare."

The above advertisement appeared in the "Personal" list of the London Times one morning for seventeen years and then, one sunshiny May day the readers of that famous sheet missed the call to "Norah Claypoole" from its accustomed corner on the fifth page.

"Nora Claypoole" had either, after long delayed repentance returned the "treasure," or the death of the original owner of the aforesaid treasure had put an end to all such pertinacious demand for its return to "C. Castle."

* * * * * * *

"Your lordship is too kind—as flowers will fade I will accept them." The speaker is sitting on a pile of "flats" and "sides" and "ends" off in a dusty, gloomy corner of the Stage of Drury Lane Theatre at rehearsal hour, of a Wednesday morning in March.

"And why will you not?" The question was thrown carelessly over the shoulder of the aforesaid "treasure," but not speaker and no attention to my flowers, Fee-fee?"

"Why! ah, because they are emblematic of—your—what shall I say?"

"I do not know," the young peer answers, moodily.

"Fancy, my lord, fancy; 'twill last, perchance, the length of twenty such, nosegays, and then adieu."

"There must be some fault in me that makes it so impossible for you to believe in me; I want you for my wife, Fee-fee, and, by heaven, I mean to have you."

For a moment the laughter dies out of the pretty soubrette's eyes, only to leap back again a moment later, more mirthful than before.

"Ah, your lordship, the fault is in caste. I am nobody, neither Lady nor any one else, and you are Lord Guy Lannay—if I wish I had lost it cheaply then," she says, with a bitter, curious sigh—"on a Mayfair doorstep; full in love with you, and you with me, but such a gulf is that the coat-of-arms that will quarter well with those of Ascot de Launay? a door step rampant and the shield of Nemo, if he had one?" Fee-fee's pretty face turns from the hot house flowers, as soft and sweet as they; and perhaps the azaliae and the mossy buds could tell the tale of two salt tears, had they so wished, that trickled slowly on their petals.

Ascot turns a flushed, harsh face toward her as he presses the two small hands in his. "Fee-fee, I have sworn it, and no man shall come between us—you have told me, to be sure I had no fairly wring it from you, that you loved me. When you can unsay that, I will give you up—until then I hold you promised to me."

"But I did not know who you were. I thought you were plain Mrs. Ascot then."

"And does your heart veer round to meet the wind so easily?"

"Ah, ma belle!"

A third voice breaks in upon the tete-a-tete; Ascot scowls, and Fee-fee laughs, as she draws her hands away.

"How d'ye, Ascot?" the newcomer says, familiarly, as he holds the soubrette's hand in his and gazes into her eyes.

"How d'ye, Eastlake." And Ascot, with his ready frown, turns on his heel and walks away.

"It seems to me I find you eternally with that young limb of the peerage!—flowers, too? Hah! the bells, I have something for you ten times more suited to your lovely self!"

Col. Val Eastlake draws from his pocket a velvet case, touches the spring, and holds before the laughing brown eyes a necklace of shimmering emeralds."

"Nothing prettier under the sun than gold hair and emeralds. Fee-fee, you will accept them?"

The girl fingers the jewels with all a beautiful woman's appreciation in her touch, and then shakes her head.

"No!" he cries, in angry consternation. "Why not?"

"Because they are genuine, Colonel Eastlake; they will last, and——"

"Fee-fee has turned off with an oath, as he sees the second old woman of the night come flouncing along in splendor of satin train and mollaseval coronet. She stops a moment to glance over Fee-fee's shoulder.

"That's right, my dear, that's right, refuse em, they're nothing but pure paste!" and then mother Beasy, train, coronet and all, sweeps haughtily past the colonel on to her mimic life behind.

The brown eyes flash, and then the voice, perfect in its curiously high-bred modulations, says, clearly and softly:

"I see you for the first time she has ever theatre-lady and child and girl though she be, breathed man's Christian name for him to hear. It is beside her in a second—"do they look pretty?"

She has clasped them about her milk-white throat and looks up at him with timid coquetry; as she has looked at men shammingly before, but truthfully, many a time, as she turns away from their glare, never before in all her eighteen years of life.

"Do they look pretty, fair the darling!" He holds up her face in his two palms and presses one long, long kiss on the ripe young mouth.

"No, they do not; but you are the prettiest thing in London!"

He is still holding the soft face up to his passionate eyes; he hears no quick footstep echoing along the passage, but she does; knows the hurried, nervous tread well, and yet she does not affect to move. Ascot de Launay stands almost before her, stares at her with haggard, sudden eyes—at the fallen flowers at her feet, his flowers!—at the green jewels glittering on her throat—at the pale color surging to her cheeks—at the man, who, ignorant of his presence, stoops to press his second kiss upon the red mouth.

Ascot takes it all in—for months afterward the picture rises before him unbidden a hundred times a day, painful in its intensity, and then he turns away, knowing full well the meaning of the all weary word—heart-sick.

* * * * * * *

It is full six weeks gone since Val Eastlake had made his gift of emeralds to Fee-fee—Fee-fee," with no high sounding or otherwise surname; she had appeared on the stage at the mature age of one year as some necessary infant in a pantomime at a third-class London theatre, and so she continued to be known to the public a very great deal longer. Miss Fee-fee" figured in flaming characters on the posters in blue and yellow, and on the dainty, scented programme that the Earl of Chandos held in his white, aristocratic hand.

There were half a dozen people in the countess's loge that night, when a famous actor was taking his benefit and farewell in the character of Skylock; among them Colonel Eastlake and Lord de Launay, the former bending over his fair hostess with his usual polish and elegance of manner.

Maud, Countess of Chandos, was a woman of perhaps forty, still beautiful, blonde and brilliant; but beneath her brightest smile there ever lurked a sigh, and the eyes, whose loveliness was unmistakable, also bore in their depths the shadows of bitter tears. Nothing was known definitely, but it was dimly whispered—had been dimly whispered, in fact, for many a season—that there was some cruel hurt way back in her ladyship's life which would not bear the breath of stranger lips upon the still fresh and bleeding wound.

The Earl was a grand-looking man, with white hair thickly clustering over his handsome brow; f big lineaments, like wis, and bloom ortion on his face's repose, and only the stern beauty of his mouth served to obliterate the impression that Chandos was a most noblehearted man. His eyes were blue, searching almost piercing, the sort of eyes that are always seeking something—and would give much to know what.

Ascot de Launay stood, gnawing his brown mustache, and gazing with no friendly eyes upon Fee-fee's flowers, long weeks of Fee-fee's absence given him a kind look; much less a kind word; but strolled him persistently, and has repentately bestowed her society and sweet glances upon the colonel in the Grenadier Guards.

From his rival Ascot turns his regards upon the willful little woman who once told him plainly and candidly that she loved him"—the little woman who held up her mouth for Val's kisses before his very face, who left his flowers to wither in the dusty coolness. There she stood now, Norian in woman's dress as yet; and Portia is just saying:

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PHILADELPHIA LOCAL COMMITTEE.

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Notice of intention to be candidates must be sent as early as possible to the Local Secretary. A pamphlet containing full information will be sent to any applicant by the Secretary of the Committee.

Notice of the place of examination and date of the same will be sent to candidates on April 15th. Address, SECRETARY OF THE LOCAL COMMITTEE, 1331 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

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AT THE WINDOW.

[FROM THE JOURNAL OF JUDE.

I saw him through the window—
Oh, how my heart did beat!
He turned upon the window
And gave me a sweet!
And then I blushed right.

He turned upon the window
And gave me a kiss;
And then I blushed right.

Oh, how my heart did beat!
He turned upon the window
And gave me a sweet!
He turned upon the window
And gave me a kiss;
And then I blushed right.

The silliest of my chamber—
It should make me shy!
But every time he turned upon the window,
Why, I blushed right.

He smiled and smiled, and called me,
He called me by my name;
He knew the heart he had subdued,
And stood me on my feet!

It gave me to the window!
He turned his prize, I thought;
I only got his kisses
And, passing out, was caught!

Was caught, and chastened with kisses
Most sweetly did he set!
Ah, how I hate the window!
For I am blushing yet!

The Music of the Waters.

A Holiday Diversion, and What Became of It.

[CONCLUDED.]

Was I sinking and losing consciousness? and is this to be the end, I thought with that music still in my ears and the head by the side of which I beheld? Surely an angel's face looking down from amidst the leafy roof above me! Yes; my life must be passing away in a dream of beautiful sights and sounds. For a moment the eyes seemed to change to the vague confusion floating through my dazed mind, and was it at once dispelled by a perfectly audible and silvery voice saying:

"Try to reach it now! I think you can, quick, try!"

This can be no illusion: this is no phantom born of a drowning man's fancy: this is a great reality; and I, that lending branch, now steadily descending to within my grip. I see my life restored to me and my hopes renewed.

I have the delicate end of the bough in my hand; you, automatically I have seized it, and already it helps to lift me higher out of the water.

"Do very cautious," were the voice once more. "Take great care, or it will snap. There, wait a, while I pull this strong one down, and that will hold your weight better; now, so," and in a moment more I was grasping this stronger one; I manage to raise myself by it a little, and to put the tips of my toes into the fissure of the rock by which I had so long held with the tips of my fingers.

Then a third firm hand is held out to me, and taking it, I finally, by one supreme effort, pull myself well up among the underwood and debris of rock at the top of the cliff.

The exhausted struggle for life, I threw myself down upon the steep hill-side among the long grass and ferns between the trees. Then I think, I did really lose consciousness for a while, for I do not remember much. Gentle, graceful girl who had saved my life, until I found her kneeling at my side, endeavoring to raise my head as she wiped the streaming water from my face with her kerchief.

"Walt here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that tree trunk."

"Pray, stay," I stammered feebly; "I shall soon be all right. I am really very much obliged to you."

"Oh, never mind that," she answered bright-ly. "If you can walk, so much the better. Get up, and come along at once; you must get your wet clothes off."

I rose and shook myself, feeling very bewildered, sick and scared.

"Here—up this way," she cried. "I think we can get through the wood this way; follow me."

I—

I scarcely started after her, as with a fleet light step she sprung up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of

"Hilly-o! Lucy, hilly-o! where are you?"

"Here I am," she cried, in reply. "Come down, papa, and give this gentleman a hand. I have just helped him out of the water—he was nearly drowned!"

"What! is it, dear? What are you talking about? Gentleman out of the water—nearly drowned!" said a cheery voice; and hoeking up, I saw two or three figures coming against the sky over the crest of the hill. Then there was a little hurried talk as they met my preserver, and presently my middle-aged friend, who had spoken to me about the weath-er at the inn, was helping me up by the left hand upon my arm, and was leading me very material assistance in my second.

"What a fortunate thing! Only to think, he said, "of Lucy happening to see you? We were wondering about you, and she had gone ahead by herself to look at the fall: then all of a sudden we missed her; and then, lo and behold! all the time she was qualifying for the Royal Humane Society's medal. Your are not accustomed to mountain rivers, sir, I am afraid: they are very treacherous, and are often suddenly swollen in this way when rain begins in the hills after a drought like this; it's what they call a "spate" in the Highlands. But stay, you are exhausted; take a nip of whisky out of my flask here."

We had stopped that I might do this, when a second young lady, evidently a sister of my guardian angel, came running down towards us, exclaiming:

"Papa, do come up quick; Lucy has fainted. She was just beginning to tell us all about it, when in a moment she went quite off."

Whereupon, revived by the stimulant, I hastened to the assistance of the stranger in com-pany with my new friends, to find the brave girl quite insensible, her head resting on the lap of a lady, evidently her mother.

Then the cheery voice of the latter whisky flask to his daughter's lips, and all solicitude, very properly, was turned from me to her; but she soon revived, and then, but not till then, I allowed myself to be hurried on to the inn to get dry clothes. There, and a little hot whisky-and-water put me to rights, with no further damage than my ducking than a few superficial bruises and scratches.

But what was this tremendous internal wound that I suddenly became conscious of?—that had not been inflicted by projecting rocks or slippery weed or foaming water? No of a sudden I knew it was the two merry eyes of my guardian angel that had struck me through and through with a very severe wound indeed.

Yes, it was the cool, of another great disarmy? Was it not enough that I had found lately that there were other sights and sounds than those to be met with in the simplified by London streets, other elevating emotions than those re-fusible to arithmetic and bookkeeping by double entry, but that I must have thrown upon me this new and unlooked-for sense, this overpowering sense of the beautiful?

Was it not enough that I had found out that I had a heart, and that it could beat with a throb that I had never known before, and that it could be wounded, and that it could be healed by the touch of a hand?

No, I was not prepared for this, and I was not prepared for the sudden change that came over me as I looked at the fair girl who had saved my life, and who was now my friend, and I felt that I was blushing like a fool.

"Why, there she is in the garden at this moment, and how beautiful she looks!" How that I knew I was myself possessed, I thought. "I will go down immediately and thank her like a coherent being and a gentleman."

She was sitting in a little arbor at the end of the lawn, with her father, and I started, all the more critical from the paleness which his sudden exertion and subsequent faintness had left, exposed her recent flush—that angel-face, which I had at last thought it wrong, and which to me now, with my newly awakened emotional sensibilities, scarcely seemed a reality.

I cannot describe it. Why should I? Other people should read and see it with my eyes; there were hundreds and hundreds of faces in the world doubtless far more beautiful.

"I hope you are feeling better," I said. "I am afraid from what you have done for me that I overtaxed your strength. I shall never forgive myself if it has made you seriously ill."

"Oh, no," she answered, "I was only a little out of breath with the running and the excite-ment through the brushwood and here, but I was sure that if I was to be of any use there was no time to be lost. Please don't say any more about it."

"Oh, but indeed I must; you must tell me how you saw me and how you were able to reach me."

"Oh, I had merely got down to look at the waterfall—I knew it would be very much swollen—and the moment I came upon it, to my horror and surprise, I saw you standing upon that rock in the middle of the river. I felt sure that you would be drowned, but, before I could even call out you were washed off it, and I saw you carried away. Well, I don't know what it was that made me do it, but I ran along through the wood by the side of the river as fast as I could. I don't suppose I thought of being able to save you, but it all seemed so dreadful; and then I had sight of you. But I still ran on to near the top of the cascade, and got close down to try if I could see you; the trees were so thick up above that I was obliged to get close to the edge. I was looking all about for you, when I suddenly saw you just under-neath where I was standing, and trying to reach that bough. Well, then I pushed it down to you, that's all."

"All indeed!" I cried. "Can I ever repay you for that all? You simply saved my life; I should never have got out but for you."

"Hope you are not much the worse for your ducking, sir?" here broke in her father's voice. "And my wife hope that you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening; you must be a little dull and lonely here by yourself."

"Of course I would, and of course I did, and of course, too, I spent the very pleasantest evening I had ever known in my life. I told the family who I was and all about myself, and they told me a good deal about themselves in return, mother and two daughters—and how they had come out for their annual run, as they called it, and how they often made very pleasant acquaintances on their little tours.

"But it's not often," said my host, "that we make one in this fashion; it is not to be wished. We don't expect to become be-rothers of a romantic dream every day. Ha, ha! by Jove, it was very lucky Lucy saw you."

And so on, and so on.

After this evening followed a succession of the most delightful hours I had ever known; morning evening and noon were spent in the company of my new acquaintance, and at the end of a very short time those acquaintances became most fast friends, and I modeled over head and ears in love as I had never ever head and ears in the turbulent water, and I told her so.

"Save me once more," I said. "give me that hand once more, and let it be mine forever; otherwise it would have been kinder to have left me to drown outright."

She dropped her head, but held out her hand, that hand which at this moment has just been pressed to my lips in a silvery shell.

"Come, Billy, stop; I have been peeping over your shoulder. You need not write any more; people can guess the rest. I would rather you did not enter into details."

"Very well," I answered; "as it is nearly twenty years ago since it all happened, perhaps you are right. Yes, settled down for twenty years, who would think it! And in a week or two we must be off, for the winter—cards and dinner-parties, no doubt, and perhaps another holiday diversion. What shall it be, and where shall we find it?"

"Oh, I am still all for the country, you know," she cries. "I am never tired of rural sights and sounds myself."

"Not I," is my reply; "we'll go where—

Gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear."

as Byron says. Fancy my quoting Byron! What a transformation I am to man! Only we shall not be lonely, shall we?"

"Indeed, no," says she; "we will only take care not to sit in the dry beds of mountain streams when we want to listen to 'the music of the waters.'"

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, August 11th.

Newport was never so quiet, and never so charming as now. Since August came in, which is generally the gay month with the ocean, receptions and dinners and social small dinners are all that have has heard of in the way of gaiety. The historian, George Bancroft, gave a dinner for Mr. Justice Waite this week, the clergyman, Royal Phelps, Esq. and the French Minister were among his guests.

Mr. Bloomfield Moore gave his accustomed weekly dinner party, entertaining the brother and the sister of Joseph Irish member of Parliament, who has been giving the House no much trouble of late. Mr. Bigelow and the young poet, Eyre, a descendant on his mother's side of Mr. Fox, the famous officer of Washington were among the guests. Also Miss Anna Longstreth of Philadelphia, who is di-rectly descended from Penn, Miss Waldo of New York and Miss Paul of Philadelphia, in the way of bachelorship and beauty at Newport—owing to the death of a relative, Miss Longstreth has been obliged to withdraw herself from general society, but she has been the very cynosure of all eyes when riding the box of the four-in-hand there has been seen on the avenue, or in the Pulo grounds.

Mrs. Whiting's last reception on Friday, was only a little less brilliant than her first, the previous week. On Tuesday next Mrs. Fairman Rogers gives a reception and collation at her cottage on the beach. The invitations are out for Mrs. Kernochan's fancy dress ball early in September, which promises to be the most brilliant event of the season. Mr. Morgan Wardner is to be played by the dramatic club next week. Mr. Eyre and Mr. Cushing sustaining the principal characters.

It is rumored that Mr. Lorillard, failing to purchase the Isaacs mansion, which he wished to add to his estate, will, for thousand dollars advance, has bought ten or eleven acres at Ochre Point, of Gen-eral Burnside, and will build a magnificent dwelling upon it.

The Strauss Lady Quartette are expected to make a visit of a week in Newport, but will give no concerts.

The streets crowds on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons to the polo-grounds, where a band of music plays during the game, and the gentlemen ask the ladies to chat with them at the sides of their carriages, which are now shared.

QUESQUE'IN.

Heaven and justice, reason and equity, go a great way in the composite to those who use them; and, in case of failure, they secure the best retreat and the most honorable consolation.

A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf be-comes satin."

An accuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an accuse is a lie guarded.

What men are deficient in reason they usually make up in cun-ning.

To a man full of questions, make no answer.

No man should be judge in his own cause.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAY-INGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In primus homines est propria
Vert inquisitio cujus in cognitio."

CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

C.

[CONTINUED.]

CHARITY BORN AT HOME.

This precept was well founded and grounded upon that passage of the Apostle which says: "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel."

This sentence can be traced to the ancient Greek and Latin writers. Many of the sayings in their writings, as "Omnes idel mutire ones maiunt quam abort."

CHARITY HOUSE, ORIGIN OF

Edward the Third, founded the Monastery of Chertzeese. At the Reformation of religion in England, this house likewise perished, and was soon after re-wards purchased by a rich merchant, named Sutton, who established a public school and hospital there, furnishing them with ample funds for their support and maintenance. This is the origin of the Charter House, which is an institution which still exists, the name being a corruption of the Old Monks.

CHAPLAIN.

Originally, a man who took care of a hat. The Kings of France carried the hat of St. Martin into the field in war, and a priest who was set over the hat (and hallowed one) was called the chaplain. chaplain. Strange as it may appear to our readers, the above origin of the word "chaplain" has been cited and judgment pronounced positive and has never, at least as far as our knowledge extends, been contradicted. The word "chaplain" has on connection with a hat, or chapeau. It is derived from chapel or capella. "Capella, proviola, sertiola seu chapellula est a capello, a cappa, in which the relics of the martyrs were carried, and then for a building in which those capella of relics were laid, and again for any place of prayer. Those who had the care of those cappelle of relics were first called cappellani, or chaplains, and at length all who performed the sacred office of chapels were called chaplains.

CHEMISTRY.

"Tubal Cain, who found out the art of working in brass, must have been an able chemist; for it is impossible to work on this metal without first knowing how to melt it."

The primitive meaning and origin of the word chemistry are not known. Some conjecture it to have been derived from the name of one of the first professors of this interesting science, Cham, an emi-nent magician. The word, we find from Suidas, was used by the Greeks very soon after the death of Cam-byses.

The physicians who were ordered to embalm the body of the Patriarch Jacob, were skilled in medi-cinal chemistry. Cleopatra proved to the royal Antheni her knowledge of the science by dissolving a pearl in his presence.

We are informed by Pliny, that one of the first professors of this interesting science, Cham, an emi-nent magician. The word, we find from Suidas, was used by the Greeks very soon after the death of Cam-byses.

CHESS

The game of chess is of great antiquity. Passing over the allusions to it in the Arabian Nights, it is made on a Latin poem entitled "Scacchie Ludus," as well as its having origin with that of dice at the siege of Troy, or at the time of the Trojan war, which bears the impress of reality, and that is of its having a Chinese invention. Mr. Irwin, in whose re-searches in Egypt we are told that it is decidedly a Chinese game, and he traced it to a tradition current among the Brahmins. The Chinese annals date the invention of Chess 3709 years after the time of Confucius, or about one hundred thousand years ago.

Sir William Jones claims it for the Hindoos on the authority of the Persians who unanimously agree that it was brought into Persia from the west of India in the sixth century of our era.

John de Vigney wrote a book entitled the "Moral-ities of Chess," which was the first that It was in-troduced into Persia named Xerxes, in the reign of Ever Merodach, King of Babylon, in order that it might amuse and divert and correct the manners of that dissolute Monarch.

CHRISTENING OF BELLS.

Baronius informs us, that Pope John XIII A. D. 968, consecrated a very large cast bell in the Lateran church, and gave it the name of John. Hence arose the custom of giving to other bells the same name, and the ceremony was accompanied with the same with instruments, known at that time as a Baptismal Service. The custom of this custom may be yet traced in England in Tom of Lincoln, and great Tom ("the mighty Tom") at Christ Church, Oxford.

CONCERT

An assembly of musicians who perform pieces of vocal and instrumental music. This word ought not to seldom used for all assembly of less than seven or eight persons, or a piece of music of many parts. In regard to the orchestra, or the place where they are to be set